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The Royal Chaplain.

Regarding the late Bishop Sumner (of Winchester), the following incident is told: When in attendance on George IV. on one occasion, the King said, 'I am beset on all sides. One asks me for this; another wishes for that. In point of suitors, I believe I could even excel the Lord Chancellor. Yet, Sumner, I never meet with any request from you. How is this?'

'May it please your Majesty,' was the reply, 'I, too, am like others. I have a certain object at heart, a private request of my own to make, and I have been anxiously waiting an opportunity to introduce it.'

'Let me have it now,' was the permission granted, with a smile not unmixed with surprise.

'During the reign of your Majesty's revered father, a custom prevailed that the household, morning and evening, should be summoned to family prayer. This practice, with your Majesty's permission, is what I should wish to be revived and fully acted upon.'

'By all means. Why was it not named before? But is that all, Sumner? Where is your request?' 'For myself, sire, I have none to make. Your Majesty's bounty has left me nothing to ask.—'The Living and the Dead.'

An Old Minister With a New Experience.

(The Rev. H. W. Pope, in the 'Intelligencer.')

Not long ago I met a minister who is fast approaching sixty. He said that last summer he returned from vacation with a heavy heart. He had been pastor of the same church for a dozen years. He was not strong physically, and the demands of the parish were constantly increasing. Preaching was becoming harder and harder, and he seemed to have no message for his people.

He did not feel equal to the task of taking up the burden of another year, and he began to question seriously whether a new minister could not serve the church better than himself. For several weeks he pondered the momentous question whether he had better not resign and hope for a smaller church. One day it occurred to him that an old minister with a new experience might be better for the church than a new minister with an old experience.

At once he began to wait on the Lord for a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit. His heart grew hungry, his prayers became imperative. The fire in his soul burned brighter, and he fed it constantly with the fuel of God's word. He reached the point where he fully resolved that one of two things must happen—either he would have a new religious experience, or he would resign his pastorate.

One morning, as he opened a little book of selections, from which he was accustomed to read, his eye fell upon one passage, 'The Lord shall increase you more and more.' Instantly there flashed into his mind a glimpse of the boundless resources of grace and glory which God had in store for him, and he cried out to his wife:

'There it is, there it is, O wife; see what the Lord has given me; I haven't got to go after all.' His soul was filled with heavenly joy, his eyes were wet with tears. Such a vision of the Crucified one and the depth of his riches, and such an overwhelming desire to proclaim him, came into his heart that even now he cannot recall it without tears.

It was easy to take up the burden. Indeed it was no longer a burden, but a privilege. The chariot wheels did not drag now. Sermons were no longer made, they were born, and preaching became a delight. Never did his people enjoy his ministry more, and he seems likely to remain there as long as his earthly ministry continues.

Perhaps this incident may bring comfort to some aging and anxious pastor whose people have become restless. Possibly it is not a new minister that the people crave so much as a fresh message, and that is so easily within our reach. A change of pastor might bring no improvement. Indeed the old pastor with a new experience would probably be preferable to a new pastor with an old experience. No one enjoys stale bread from the pantry, nor a mouldy message from the pulpit, but a minister with a real message from God is always and everywhere welcome, since the days of John the Baptist.

The Fifth Gospel.

There are four written Gospels The fifth is writing now. The world may forget the four, and the leaves of the book may never be turned, but the fifth Gospel men are sure to read.

That fifth gospel is your life of Christ; that is, your life in Christ. Men may forget Christ; they never forget the Christian. Christ lives in heaven and on earth. The world's dull eyes have never gazed upon his heavenly glory, but they are looking eagerly for Him on earth. Christ in men is the most powerful preaching.

The world has had many lives of Christ. Each Christian is writing his own, and the very children read it. We are either revealing or veiling Christ to men.—Selected.

The Goodness of God.

Suppose a group of merry children were sitting around the cheerful fire, while the snow is on the ground, and the mother of one of them brings in a basket of fine ruddy apples, perhaps some thoughtful one would thank her, and say it was very kind to think of their pleasure, and would love her for what she had done.

But would any of them, as they enjoyed the nice fruit, remember how the apple trees looked in spring-time, covered with their pink and white blossoms, and their tender green leaves? Would they think who sent the gentle breeze that carried away the leaves of bloom, leaving the little germ on all the boughs? Who sent the sunshine day after day, and the gentle showers, and the summer dew? And who, in the golden days of autumn, made the large, round fruit hang ripe on its stem?

God might, when He made this world, have made but one kind of food if He chose. It would have been enough to keep us alive, if the broad fields had been all filled with grain, and we lived on bread alone. It was His goodness to us that planted the grape-vines on the sunny hills—that loaded the trees with their precious fruit—that put on the peach its

golden fur, and polished the pear with smooth, beautiful skin—that made every climate and every land produce delights for the eye and the taste.

Then how many creatures He has made to be useful to man—to labor for him, or to furnish food or clothing. Could anyone but God have done this? Are not all His works very wonderful and strange?

It seems strange to us, that with all this world of people, the sun, moon, and stars to keep in their places, God can notice every little bird. But He says that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. Who taught the swallows to know the time for returning, the birds to sing, and where to look for their food, and sleep in their own feather beds?

How do they know, when the frost comes and the nights grow cold, that they must fly far away to a warm land, where the roses bloom through all the year? And when spring returns to us with mild air and leafy trees, does He not direct their flying wings back to their summer home?—'Friendly Greetings.'

Both Hands.

On the morning of a blessed day long gone into the past, in Westfield Normal Hall, during the heavenly hour of devotion preceding our studies, golden words were spoken by a loving disciple of the Lord, whose echo, like the music of the sea-shell, still lingers in my heart and life.

The lesson taught of perfect trust in our Lord and Master, was given in the form of a dream. A traveller was on the way to a beautiful land, where all was brightness and joy. He could see it in the distance, but when he drew near, he found that a broad stream intervened, which must be crossed if he would reach the sunny land. A light boat, gayly painted, was near. In this he seated himself and began rowing across the stream; but suddenly the waters were ruffled, the frail bark tossed upon the rising waves, the beautiful country was no longer visible, but barren, precipitous rocks arose on the opposite shore. He sought a landing-place, found it with difficulty, and essayed to scale the cliffs; but in vain; they grew steeper, more inaccessible. As he clung to a projecting rock for support, while above towered a perpendicular ascent, there appeared One from the height, saying:

'Wilt thou be saved?'

'O yes!' was the glad response, and the sufferer eagerly held out the left hand toward the friendly One.

'Both hands!' said the Helper; but the imperilled one dared not let go his hold upon the rock, which he thought kept him from falling. He therefore turned from this way of escape, went down the rocks, sought the boat, and rowed down the stream in search of a better landing. But none could he find, and now—the winds rose higher, the raging billows increasing in might, his bark was overwhelmed and broken by the tempest, and he was left in the cold, surging waters, with naught to cling to save a remnant of the shattered vessel. Almost overcome and ready to perish, he again saw, bending from above, the Helper.

'Wilt thou be saved?' he asked again.

'Yes, O yes!' is the eager response, and the right hand is extended, while the other, with the grasp of death, clings to the broken wood.

'Both hands,' said the voice from heaven, and the poor sufferer, knowing that he must perish unless he yielded, with one earnest effort let go his hold, lifted up both hands, and at the moment when the last earthly hope was relinquished, he was taken in the arms of Infinite Love, lifted above the roaring billows, and planted on the Rock of Ages, saved forever.

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.'

The Adoption of Donald.

The clock on the great stone church at the corner showed that it was only half-past six, but the short November afternoon had long since deepened into darkness. The lights on the avenue shone with a flickering gleam through the fast falling snow.

Suddenly around the corner came a figure, and as it paused under an electric light, the rays fell on a slender little lad in shabby garments, with a violin clasped tightly in his arms.

The boy's face was thin and pale and the great brown eyes seemed full of unshed tears. Wearily he leaned against the post. No one had cared to listen to him to-day, and he would have no supper. Neither breakfast nor dinner had he had, for that matter.

Oh, it was so cold, and he was so hungry. Perhaps he might lie down here in the snow and an angel might see him and take him up to Paradise. What was that verse? Ah, yes! 'And they shall neither hunger nor thirst.'

What a beautiful place that must be! He wondered if little Patrick, the boot-black, was there now. Patrick, who had died in the early fall.

How many nights they had shared a bun or a bit of fruit together, and planned a dazzling future, when he was a great musician, and Patrick a banker.

Well, Patrick had found a better home than the palatial mansion he had pictured; but he was just a tired, hungry little street waif.

As he stood there in a sort of stupor, a little light flashed from a window across the way. The curtain was up and he could see into a luxurious dining room, where preparations for the evening meal were going on. The sight of that tempting table filled him with fresh strength, and, crossing the street, he drew his bow across the violin and began to play.

Now, in that great mansion lived a woman past the first bloom of youth, but with its traces still upon her. A stately, haughty woman, possessed of many talents, she dwelt in the luxurious home alone. All her kindred had crossed the dark river, and she was left the last of a noble family. Society admired, but stood in awe of her. She gave her money with lavish hand to charities, herself she never gave.

While possessing much that makes life desirable, Elinor Wentworth had missed the best in life. To-night she sat before the open fire, a bored, listless look on her handsome face. She would have to go abroad this winter, she was thinking. Home was too unbearably dull.

Suddenly she raised her head in wonder. through the still night air came the sound of a violin. Louder and louder rose the plaintive notes, and so full of sadness were they that tears unbidden came to the listener's eyes.

Hastily ringing the bell, she ordered her servant to learn who was playing outside in the bitter night.

He came back in a moment: 'Twas nothing but a beggar lad, and he would send him away.

She cried out imperatively to bring him in.

'Bring him right here!' she said, to the astonished man.

The boy entered, his weary face full of dread. Probably she would send him to the police station.

'What is your name?' she commanded.

'Donald Shepard, ma'am,' he replied, slowly.

'Play for me. Anything,' and Miss Elinor reseated herself, and watched him closely.

He played a simple little melody, but as she looked, something stirred her thoughts. Once, long ago, she had had a little brother with such beautiful dark eyes. She had worshipped him, and had cried out fiercely when he had been taken away.

What if Stephen had been left to the mercy of a cold, hard world. The old tender impulses, so long restrained, leaped forth.

'Stop!' she cried, and calling him to her, held his little hands in her own warm ones while she said, gently:

'Donald you have a wonderful talent. Now, I want you to tell me all about yourself.'

He told her quietly. Told her of his father's struggle with poverty; how he had been a music teacher, and in the spring had followed the mother, dead long ago, and had left his boy nothing in the world but his treasured violin, and the legacy of an honest name.

Miss Elinor had listened silently, her thoughts busy; but now she said:

'Donald, I once had a little brother, who was dearer than all the world to me. He is gone, and I am all alone. So are you, and I want you to come and take his place'; and then she drew him into her lap and kissed him.

People said that winter that Elinor Wentworth seemed to grow younger and brighter; that she had been alone so long, a companion was what she needed.

She thought so herself, when the long-silent rooms rang with the sound of a child's merry voice; or when at night she and Donald sat before the fire, making plans for the years to come, or talking of those who were waiting for them in a far country.

One evening when they had been speaking of these loved ones, Donald told her of little Patrick, and of the neglected grave in the cemetery.

'I wish I could put a stone on it, Aunt Elinor!' he said, and she bent and kissed him for an answer.

So it came about that a week later they stood by a little mound and at the head was a marble stone with a beautiful marble angel on top, and below was written:

'PATRICK DOOLEY,
Aged ten years.
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

—Marcia L. Webber, in 'Young Churchman.'

Acknowledgments.

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The Maple Leaf Forever.

In a few weeks we shall be having our one imperial anniversary and the schools, throughout the Dominion will very properly be arranging for Empire Day celebrations of various kinds. There will this year be thousands of children receiving their first impressions of the duties and privileges of their adopted country as part of our Empire. Every school from the Atlantic to the Pacific will doubtless be singing on that day 'The Maple Leaf Forever,' and whether for juniors or seniors, the song sentiment would be all the more vivid for the wearing of our national emblem in the form of a maple leaf brooch or stick pin. The same holds goods for Dominion Day. We have arranged to place such emblems within reach of all, and have recently made announcement to that effect elsewhere in our papers. That the boys and girls of Canada know a good thing when they see it, one may judge from the way this maple leaf offer is being taken up. Sample brooches are being sent out in every direction in reply to eager enquiries and already orders for supplies at our special price for quantities are rapidly coming in. Ontario heads the list so far, with Quebec a good second. Next week may see great changes. This is a fine chance for schools in new or remote districts to cultivate a patriotic spirit, for the article they will get from us will be every bit as good as they could select themselves, for a much higher price, at the largest city stores. One month's trial subscription to 'The Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' and to 'The Northern Messenger' is given with each brooch or pin as an extra over and above our liberal quotations. See to it that every scholar in your school has one of these emblems for Empire Day. For full particulars see our large advt. headed 'The Maple Leaf For Ever and Every One.'

JUST WHAT THEY ALL THINK.

A Nova Scotia boy sending his first order says:—'I received the sample pin which I think is beautiful, and I was able to get twelve names of people who are pleased to get the pretty pins. . . . You promised to send me a pin for my own work, please send a stick pin.

Yours truly,
JOHN WALL.

Riversdale, Col. Co., N.S.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

'"E!" It's a queer little quirl, anyhow. No good, is it?'

'It is the most used of any letter. This is "a."'

'Looks like a praying beetle, or piece of an ant.'

'And this is "t."'

'Yes, pretty good fish-hook. M-e-a-n-t, m-n-e.' Rasmus held the paper close to his eyes, and bellowed like a bull of Bashan, as if nearness of sight and noise would impress his mind with the five letters. As he was naturally of good abilities, and now in earnest to learn that day's lesson, he soon had the five letters fairly mastered.

Then Mr. Llewellyn took the card, saying, 'Now, I will show you how many words can be made with these five letters, m-e-a-n-t, meant; leave off the t, and you have mean, a mean act; m-e me; a-n-t ant; a-t; at; a-n; an; t-e-a, tea; m-e-n, men; t-e-a-m, team; m-e-a-t, meat; m-a-t, mat; t-a-m-e, tame; m-a-t-e, mate, and so on. Now, all those words you got from five letters. I could find you others.. I want to show you that few letters can made many words, according as they are placed. Letters are like seeds. You plant a few seeds, and how many thousands will grow up, you take one little word like m-e-a-n-t, and you can make many words out of it.'

'I couldn't write a letter out of them five, could I?' said Rasmus, looking at the cabalistic signs with intense respect.

'No; but if you will try you can soon learn all the 26; then you will before long know how to spell words with them, and can write a fair letter.'

'Now, here goes,' said Rasmus, 'I'll learn. Last night when I heard that splendid writing 'bout habits, from that little chap, sez I, maybe my little chap learned to read and write, too, for he had a head-piece on him, you know! He was as smart as they make 'em, and if so be he learned, and I found him, I'd sort of hate to tell him I didn't know letters, I would hate to shame the little chap; he had nice feelin's.'

Moved by these considerations of his 'little chap,' and by unexpressed ideas concerning the blooming Sally, Rasmus took the card, and went on studying as they resumed their way. He bawled his lesson aloud, as they do in Chinese temples of learning, but happily all the world was his school-room. On went

'A! n! t! ant! ! ! here's one 'long the road, lugging a little white bundle. Here's an ant-hill moving, Mr. Llewellyn! See what a string of 'em, all carrying bundles. Them bundles is baby-ants, and here they're piling of 'em round the new house, and them within-side is taking 'em down. Once, when they were doing that, I picked up three bundles on a blade of grass, and hid 'em behind a pebble some ways off, and soon they missed em', and when they'd carried the rest down, they scouted round till they found them three. A-n-t. T-e-a-m. Rod, what does that spell?'

'What is this coming up the road?'

'Dog? No, a team.'

'That's it, now you talk,' said Rodney.

'T-e-a-m, team? Now, stick there, team,' and he gave his head a blow with his fist. 'M-e-a-t, pork. No, meat. That's the ticket.'

Mr. Llewellyn here perceived a flaw in his instructions. At evening he gave his pupil a lesson on the sound of letters, showing him that though pork might be a form of meat, m-e-a-t could not spell pork. An adult pupil may have his advantages, but the simple docility of a child is also a happy factor in receiving the rudiments of education. Rasmus was inspired to demand why mat was spelled m-a-t, and why they did not spell it some other way, and so on. Mr. Llewellyn, seeing that the hope of writing was the mainspring of this studiousness, taught him to write the letters as he learned them. After a week Rasmus became unhappy over his slow progress, and the distant prospects of letter-writing, though by that time he had learned all the potent twenty-six signs. Mr. Llewellyn, to encourage him, proposed that Rodney should write to Sally, asking that if her father found any fossils, not wanted by the company, he would save them for Rodney. Rasmus seized eagerly on this hint, and watched with anxiety the progress of the letter. It was a rainy evening, and they had stopped at a little country-tavern.

'I'll say Rasmus sends you his love,' said Rodney.

'That would be too steep,' said Rasmus, seriously.

'Well, in ancient times when knights lived, they used to write to the ladies, "I kiss your hand." I'll say, "Rasmus kisses your hand."'

'But I don't,' said Rasmus, 'and she'd be mad.'

'Then I'll say, "Rasmus thinks of you night and day,"' said the mischievous Rodney.

'Rod Harris! I'll choke you, sure as you're born!'

'Then, tell me what to say.'

'You say we're all well, and hoping she's the same, and Mr. Llewellyn and the rest desires their regards.'

Rasmus felt better after that letter was dispatched, and attacked his studies with new vigor. He tormented his companions to know how to spell everything, and forthwith wrote it down. He bought a long pencil, and picked up every scrap of paper he saw, to print on.

'Rod! how do you spell a cow? Dad, how do you spell leaf? Is leaves spelt the same way, eh? Why in sense do they turn out that "f" and put a "v" in? That ain't fair. I shall say l-e-a-f-s, leaves.'

'Then Sally will laugh at you,' said Rod, and that brought Rasmus to reason.

'It's a big shame I was left like this,' said the burly pupil, one day. 'I ought to been taught all this an' the figgering things when I was little. The police ought to caught me and sent me to school every day, an' the school ought to furnished my book, and towel, and water to wash my face if I was dirty. You see, in the cold an' rain I'd just took to a warm, tidy room to sit in. An' for all the poor, little hungry lads that has no dinner or breakfast, police ought to make a list of 'em, and have a kitchen where they could get a bowl of hot soup and a chunk of bread. Police stands 'bout the corners, and nabs kids for stealing, when perhaps the poor little shavers is so hungry they fair has to snatch a bite. When they gets drunk, or acts werry bad, the bobbies sends 'em to the station-house, and so to the island, an' graduveats 'em to the gallows, like George Mack's composition. Why don't they stop it before it begins? School-house is much better place for the kids than grog-shops to get warm in. Out of the school-house they'll get to a stove-pipe hat and good books. Out of grog-shops over to the island, every time. Poor kids!'

CHAPTER XII.

The Widening World.

'Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.'

Day after day drifted slowly by, as our travellers faced the rising suns. The clover-bloom loaded the air with fragrance; the grass was almost ready for the mower. Over Rodney such change had passed, as over the ripening season; his cheek was a healthy brown; he swung along the roads with a vigorous step, he carried his load without fatigue, he no longer wondered that his two companions were untired, for he was tireless himself. If Rasmus, progressing in his reading, and writing, and ciphering, made daily positive and appreciable acquisition, Rodney did not less, for Mr. Llewellyn was an unwearied and skilful master, and few boys who have spent their years in school, become as skilled in botany or entomology, as Rodney did in his summer trip across Pennsylvania.

There were many hours, sometimes whole days, when Mr. Llewellyn was engrossed in his painting or writing—days when the journey came to a pause, and Rasmus built a booth, and Mr. Llewellyn gave himself to some investigation, and Rasmus and Rodney, lying under the trees, with nothing particular to do, devoted themselves to each other's instruction and entertainment. It was in such days that Rodney enthralled Rasmus by beginning the tales of the Knights of the Round Table, and the Search for the San Grail.

'What's the San Grail?' demanded Rasmus.

'Well, don't you remember all I've read you Sundays about the Lord Jesus—that was born in Bethlehem—and died on men on Calvary?'

'Who's forgetting,' demanded Rasmus, resentfully.

'And you recollect what Mr. Llewellyn read, last Sunday, about that Last Supper, and the bread, and the wine, and "when He took the cup He blessed and gave to His disciples"—you remember it? Well, you see, in the times of the Round Table and King Arthur, that I have been telling you about, they got up the idea that that cup the Lord passed round at the Last Supper, was a cup of pure gold, and that it was somewheres about in the world, and they wanted to find it.'

'I don't blame 'em,' said Rasmus heartily.

'They called it the San Grail, or Holy Grail, or Cup. Sometimes it is spelled another way, but I suppose you don't care about that.'

'Drop the spellin', pardner—I'm nigh dead of spellin.'"

'Well, all these knights of King Arthur wanted to go and find the San Grail, or Holy Cup. They thought if they found that, then they'd get to heaven, sure. And they all swore to go out and find the Holy Grail; and away they all went, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Gawain, and Sir Madoc, and Sir Bedievere and Sir Tristram, and a lot more, and Sir Galahad—and they searched all the world over for a great while.'

'Much as thirteen years—or ten years?' asked Rasmus wistfully, beginning to associate that search for the golden cup, with his search for the golden head, so well loved.

'Yes—more than that.'

'I hope they found it!'

'Yes—you shall hear. They crossed mountains, seas, rivers, sometimes together, sometimes alone. They fought beasts, and heathen knights, and giants, and dragons, and the devil. And angels helped them sometimes, and sometimes they got weary, and rested, all but Sir Galahad. He was the youngest of all, and the holiest of all, and his heart was firm set on just that one thing—the Grail. He was strong and brave, and all enemies went over before him. The poetry about him reads—

'"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

'So on he went. He prayed in every church, and by every tomb and wayside cross; he helped every poor person, redressed every wrong, and "he kept fair through faith and prayer." And he sailed in magic boats over unknown seas, and climbed enchanted hills, and when his heart was ready to despair, he heard a sweet sound, and saw a light, and in the sky beheld three angels who carried the Holy Grail, and so he knew he was on the right track. He had such a charger, or horse, as never was seen, white as snow; and his armor was white, and here is the poem I learned about it:

'"A maiden knight to me is given
Such hope I know no fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven,
That often meet me here.
I muse on joys that will not cease—
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Whose odors haunt my dreams.
And, stricken by an angel's hand
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air."

'And after a while he found the Holy Grail, and the angels gave him to drink from the

sacred wine, and then he was carried into heaven, for he was the youngest and purest of all the knights of Arthur.'

'If I've got to be like that, I'll never find my little lad.'

'But I guess no one is like that, Rasmus.'

'I'm so bad I think I'll never find him,' said Rasmus, in deep despair. 'But you'll find him, Rod. I really guess you will. You're young, and you have no bad ways.'

'I'd be mighty glad to find him,' said Rodney.

'I say, Rod, suppose you never find your uncle? What do you mean to do?'

'Why, I must find him.'

'But your letter from him is old. It is years since he wrote it; he was old then, most like; he may be dead. Your Mr. Andrews has died; perhaps your uncle has?'

'Then, I suppose, I'll have to go to work.'

'What work can you do, Rod?'

'I don't know. I never was taught any.'

'There's the rub. They don't pay boys that's learning. You are too old for a cash-boy; you don't know your way for a messenger-boy; you don't know how to wait in a restaurant; and then, what will you do about college?'

'I don't know,' said Rod, in deep despair.

'I'll tell you, Rod. I'll get Mr. Llewellyn to find a school for you, where they'll take you and dress you for twenty dollars a month, and I'll go back to farmer Jackson, who'll give me that twenty-two dollars a month, and I'll work for him till I get you through college. I'll take the other two dollars a month to advertise for my little chap. How long will it take you to get through, Rod?'

'Five or six years,' said Rod, hopelessly.

'Chirk up. That ain't forever. I can stand it that long.'

'But what will you have for clothes?' asked Rodney.

'O, I won't need much clothes; perhaps I can work nights for them for the neighbors. I never get tired.'

'But there's Sally,' said Rodney. 'If you are spending all your money on me, you could not marry Sally.'

'Maybe she'll wait,' said Rasmus, dubiously.

'Suppose she wouldn't?'

'That would be awful! But if she does, I'll learn all the time more, and be more of a man for her, you see.'

'Rasmus,' said Rodney, heartily, 'I think you are the best-feeling fellow in the world, and the most generous. I know you'll find the little Robin; I know you'll marry Sally; I know I'll find my uncle; and then, Rasmus, men that are going through college don't have to be all the time dragging on some one else. They can earn money themselves; they get places to teach, or to write books, or copy papers; they have ways of earning money.'

'Well, keep up your pluck, pardner,' said Rasmus, rolling over on his face for a nap. I'll stick to you like a pinch-bug, see if I don't.'

That was considered a compact, as they went on their way.

By this time, with all the economy practised, and all the hospitality received, Rodney and Rasmus had exhausted the funds with which they left Pittsburg. Mr. Llewellyn knew this, and was making his plans. The next day they reached a great farm, where several hundred acres were in grass. The great, white house, handsome barns, larger than the house, and numerous out-buildings, together with the flocks of fowls of all kinds, and the many cows, the yokes of young oxen, the horses and colts, made Rasmus rejoice greatly. He burst forth—

'If I owned a lamp, such as that fool fellow 'Laddin, that Rod told me about last night, had, I tell you I wouldn't go to rubbin' it, and askin' for jew'lry, fine houses, slaves, clothes, and big feasts. No, siree I'd rub it in for a farm like this, with guinea fowls and turkeys, and mares with colts running by 'em, an' stout young bullocks like them, and acres of corn and clover, and apple orchards and bee-hives, and garden sass, and big, fat, white pigs in the pen, and little pigs with pink skins—them's the things to make a man independently happy!'

'Here's the owner, and he looks contented,' said Mr. Llewellyn, as a hale farmer crossing the road stopped and held out his hand.

'Hullo, my friend! Still out after bugs? Come in, come in; you're not going to pass us by; we're always glad to see you; and the boys have laid up some curiosities for you that they make sure they will some day see all painted in your book.'

'You haven't begun the haying yet?'

'Begin to-morrow. Splendid weather and splendid crop, but short of hands. Now, here's a man looks as if he could do good work in a hay-field.'

'You're right, boss,' said Rasmus, genially.

'He and the boy would both be good help. What do you say to taking them through haying? (To be Continued.)

Romance of Two Owls.

When Romeo and Juliet died at a road-house in The Bronx, there was much sorrowing there. Romeo and Juliet were a pair of owls. They lived and loved together and in death they were parted but a short time.

In March a dead tree on the hill beyond Bronx Park was blown down. The boys passing the spot soon afterward discovered a big owl blinking its great eyes vacantly at the wreck of the tree, which proved to be also the wreck of its home, for the boys found two of the oddest looking nestlings, consisting mostly of eyes and mouth, among the ruins of trunk and branches.

They took the two queer little birds away with them, the old one making no protest, although they were plainly its own. The owlets were purchased by the proprietor of the road-house, and it was a wise investment, for in their short but interesting career they brought many dollars to his till.

The young birds were well cared for, and grew and thrived. When they were large enough to look out for themselves, they were placed in a large cage, and soon became great favorites with the old customers of the place, and attracted many new ones.

They were a source of constant amusement, not only because of their grotesque appearance, but also because of the avidity with which they accepted things edible from the hands of their admirers, to say nothing of the unmistakable adoration they had for one another. For this last reason the owner of the owlets named them Romeo and Juliet.

Mice seemed to be their favorite choice in the food line, and if two mice were put in the cage at the same time each would take one. If one mouse was larger or plumper than the other, the male owl invariably took the smaller or the scrawny one, thus giving plain evidence of his gallantry and of his consideration for his mate. If there was only one mouse in the cage, Romeo would divide it and never failed to give the larger and presumably the choicer portion to Juliet.

The affection between the two birds seemed to grow stronger daily, and the manifestations of it were an ever-pleasing sight to the many people who were constantly around the cage. Whether liberality of feeding was responsible for the calamity that befell Juliet one day is not known, but just after putting away a particularly fat mouse that Romeo had gallantly parcelled out to her from a pair that some one had brought in for their dinner, she gave an uncommonly large and solemn blink and tumbled off her perch dead as a stone.

A moment Romeo, who had bolted his mouse, sat on his perch, gazing down at his prostrate mate, his eyes open to their widest extent. Then he seemed to realize what had occurred.

He dropped down to the side of Juliet, caressed her feathers with his beak, and showed the greatest distress. He continued this for several minutes, and then apparently awoke to the fact that it was all useless.

He returned to his perch, where he sat for an hour gazing down at his dead love, refusing to pay the least attention to anything that was going on round him. Then he dropped to Juliet's side again.

The bottom of the cage was covered deep with sand. Romeo drew his dead mate over to one corner of the cage, and with his beak and feet threw sand upon her until she was covered out of sight by a mound. Then he went back to his perch.

He persistently refusedw to eat or drink. He would not get off of his perch, but sat gazing sadly at the mound below him. On the morning of the second day after Juliet's death they found Romeo dead at the side of the mound.—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

Old and Young.

They soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold—
Who live for self, and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mould,
For them their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bards have sung;
For them old age itself is young!

—Selected.

The Passing of the Heart-stone.

Few children of the present day will ever know the solid comfort, rest, and satisfaction which clustered around the old-fashioned open fireplaces, with their quaint dog-irons, which used to assume all kinds of shapes, animals, and personages—the tongs which raised many a blue blister on our fingers, and then stood up again the jam and winked their one eye at us; the shovel, which often played the part of a stage-coach, and then that of a sled on which to transport merchandise to foreign markets; and the huge hearthstones, smooth as glass, on which we have gotten many a fall, and where we roasted apples whose flavor has never since been equalled; and where the johnny-cake was baked to a turn, and on whose bosom those good old sweet corn pones were baked in those bakers covered with an iron lid with great shovelfuls of live coals underneath and on the lid; that pile of hot ashes from which those baked potatoes—such potatoes have never since been baked, and where the chestnuts were roasted to a turn—unless we forget, as we sometimes did, to slip a little hole in the hull, when there would be an explosion and scattering of nuts, ashes, and people; the great backlog, with a large stick on top of it to help to lead the smoke up the chimney and throw the heat out into the room; the forestick, with its complement of smaller wood and kindling, and to crown it all, a roaring blaze leaping into the chimney, and sending warmth and good cheer to every corner of the room, where our imagination pictured all kinds of animals, pictures, and dancing figures.—'Rural World.'

The Dangerous Haymow.

The old-fashioned barn at the end of the Schuylers' big yard was a grand place for play, large enough for the Schuylers and their friends to make all the noise and have all the fun they could wish.

On one side were the stalls, one of which was occupied by good old Ned, the horse who took the children on their long drives over the country roads. Ned would often roll his eyes and stretch out his neck at the strange sights and sounds outside his house, but the little folks never troubled him, and often brought him a little treat for the fun of feeling his soft lips on their hands.

Over Ned's head was a hay loft, a fine place for hide and go seek. It was only on rare occasions, however, that the children were allowed to play there, as Mr. Schuyler said Ned would not eat the hay if it was trodden down and broken.

On the opposite side of the barn were two large partitions for salt hay—hay with which to make beds for Ned and the cow. This hay was dark green in color, and salty in smell. One partition was well filled, while the other had little in it. The only separation between the two mows was a long plank at the bottom and a huge beam above, high enough to make a fine place from which to jump into the hay below.

The children climbed to this beam up a sort of ladder built on the side of the barn. When they reached the beam they steadied themselves and then walked out as far as possible before taking a jump. The best climber went first, walking out as far as he could keep his balance, then the next, and the next, until sometimes the beam was filled with laughing, swaying children for their turn to jump. Generally they jumped one by one, sometimes altogether. The Schuylers had learned to roll as quickly as possible to the opposite side

of the mow after they had landed in the hay especially if visitors were on the beam, as strangers were apt to become excited and land all in a bunch.

One afternoon there was a small party in the barn. Two or three little friends had been invited, and had had a fine time together. As the hour for going home drew near, Clara, the maid, came down from the house with a pitcher of lemonade and some nice little raisin cakes. They feasted on these until every drop and crumb had disappeared; then one of the company suggested, 'Let's have one more jump before we go.'

'Why do we always jump into this haymow?' asked one of the visitors. 'Let's jump into the other one for a last turn.'

'Mother thinks it is not safe to jump into that mow,' explained the Schuylers. 'You see, there isn't much hay there, and there are boards and things piled up in the other end and sticking out into the hay. If we jumped too far over we might get badly hurt.'

The visitor looked as if he would like to try it. 'Did she say you mustn't?' he asked.

'No; she didn't say we mustn't. She only said it was dangerous.'

'Well, I'm going to try just one. I'll jump straight down where it looks safe.' The children waited doubtfully while he climbed to the beam, and held their breath as he walked out a few feet, leaped boldly into the air and landed safely in the green hay.

'It's all right,' he declared, encouragingly; 'and it's fine. The jump is longer, because the hay is so much lower down.'

'If it's safe we can do it,' said Will. 'Mother wouldn't object.' And soon all the boys were clambering up to have a turn. Every boy jumped successfully, then the girls could not be outdone.

'I'll take a jump myself,' said Clara, an orphan girl whom Mrs. Schuyler had engaged to help her with the housework. She was not many years older than the oldest Schuyler, but she was a good worker, and regular housemaids were hard to find so far out in the country. The children thought her quite grown up and wonderful in many ways, so now they all cried out, 'Oh, yes, Clara, let's see you jump.'

'I'll get up on the beam with you and you can go first,' added Bess. So Clara and Bess walked out on the beam. Clara delighted the audience with many airs and flourishes, Bess moving cautiously along hardly daring to smile for fear of losing her balance.

'One, two, three—go!' cried the children below. Away went Clara, jumping out much farther than she had intended, and landing, alas! near an old plank hidden by a light covering of hay. Her ankle struck sharply against the plank and she screamed with fright and pain. Bess, seeing Clara rocking herself back and forth on the hay below, lost her balance and fell screaming into the mow, landing safely but dreadfully frightened. For a moment the children stood dumb with horror and surprise, then little Lottie broke into loud weeping, and the Schuylers rushed to Clara's aid.

'Come and tell mother, Clara. she'll fix your foot,' said Will, looking very pale.

'Oh, yes; if you soak it in hot water it won't swell. Do come up to mother, quick,' urged Hattie, tearfully, for Clara was a favorite, rough though she sometimes was. Clara tried to stand, but soon found that she could not bear her weight on the injured foot. 'I can't walk,' she said, in a scared voice. 'How will I ever get to the house? I'm too big to be carried.'

'Hitch up Ned to the carriage,' cried one, excitedly.

'You couldn't boost me up in the carriage?' groaned Clara.

'We can get you into the express waggon,' said Bess; 'all but your feet anyway.' The next moment the boys had drawn it close to the mow. 'Just hop a step or two, Clara,' they urged. 'We can draw you right up in the waggon. It's lucky the big door is open.' With some hopping and much helping, Clara, half laughing and half crying, managed to get into the express waggon, with the injured foot sticking out tragically behind.

'Bell, you run ahead and tell your mother. We'll come on slowly, as Clara is pretty heavy,' said the visitor, who had started the dangerous jumping. 'Tell her it was my fault.' Bess started off on a run, the rest following in a queer procession—all very sober, the girls quite pale and Lottie loudly wailing.

Mother said very little when she saw the children's faces and heard their story. Clara's foot was bathed and bandaged, and she was put to bed. The next morning she hobbled downstairs, and for several days got about the kitchen by kneeling on a chair, which she pushed slowly before her. The four were required to help as much as possible. It was a solemn occasion.

'Well, I'll never jump in that mow again,' said Clara, as she sat with her foot propped up on a chair the next evening. 'Your mother's been an angel about it, too; and she warned me it wasn't safe.'

'We were really all of us in it—the disobeying, I mean,' said Bess, frankly. 'Mother didn't say we shouldn't, but we knew she meant that when she said it was dangerous. Mothers seem to know all about these things.' And four heads nodded 'yes.'—'Observer.'

'Told in the Twlight.'

In a book of sporting stories and incidents, issued under the title, 'Told in the Twilight,' occurs the following:

'To make a long story short, I bought the dog, and after considerable difficulty I got him to the house of a friend with whom I was staying. I kept him shut up in a stable for the next day or two; then I took him away by train to my place. I fed him myself, put him to bed, had him constantly by me, and petted him to further orders; but he never seemed to be happy.

'The more I petted him the more he moped. He did not exactly pine for he took some nourishment; but as time went on the peculiar look in his eyes grew sadder and sadder, and I used to sit for hours wondering what was the matter with him.

'One day I had gone for a long walk in the country and taken the dog with me. He was so different from other dogs. He trotted soberly along, either at my heel or a few yards in front. When I stopped the dog stopped. When I sat down the dog did the same, and looked into my eyes with a kind of expression which seemed to say as plain as words could speak: "I am your slave; I was sold to you to save those dear to me from starvation; I am obedient and well-conducted. What more can you want? Surely you cannot expect me to be happy in a strange land, exiled from the home of my puppyhood."

'On the afternoon in question I was some miles out in the country sitting on a bank which overlooked a considerable expanse of heath. I gazed into the dog's face and wondered if the theorists were right when they argued that dogs could reason like human beings.

'"Yes, Tim," I said, giving utterance to what was passing in my mind, "you are a long way from your old home. It lies right there to the westward," and I pointed with my hand over the bracken and heather in the direction. "That's where your friends are, miles and miles away, with rivers and all kinds of obstacles between, which neither you nor your instinct could ever overcome, unless I helped to guide you back again with the superior knowledge that the Almighty has given to us vain mortals. If it were otherwise, Tim, my boy, and your heart longed to return because you were not happy with me, I would give you free leave to go, with a blessing on the journey. I would release you from the bondage of an irksome yoke, from the fulfilment of a distasteful duty, and you might start when you liked to follow the setting sun westward, westward, westward, until your poor legs ached, and your brave heart almost despaired of ever reaching the goal of your ambition."

'Whilst I thus addressed my dumb companion, raising my hand in a theatrical manner, I pointed again in a direct line, as the crow flies, the trail of his old home.

'Judge of my astonishment when the dog got up and came to me, wagging his tail and barking, with a joyous light in those deep-set eyes which I had never seen there before. It was the first time the dog had shown any expression of his feelings since I had bought him some weeks previously, and I was at a loss to comprehend its meaning.

'Next he licked my hand, and trotted a little way from me. Looking round once, he gave a joyous bark, and then made off at a comfortable jog trot in the direction I had indicated. In vain I shouted and whistled him back. Tim was off. Soon he disappeared over the horizon and I saw him no more.

* * * *

'About three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my friend in the Midlands, which ran somewhat as follows:

'"You remember buying a dog from a collier one afternoon when we had walked over to see the steel works. Well, yesterday I was in the same neighborhood and the man saw me as I passed his house and stopped me. He said the dog had come home again, but as I doubted his word he took me into the cottage, and there, sure enough, Tim was, lying on the bed of a sick child. It seemed the dog belonged to this child, who was a cripple, having received some injury to her spine in childhood, and, in sheer desperation from want of food, the father took the dog to sell. At the loss of her pet the child moped, and they thought she would die; in fact, the doctor had told him that he had given up all hope, when Tim, her dog, returned to her. The poor dog was in a terrible emaciated condition, and could only just crawl. They lifted him on to the child's bed, and when she saw her dog once more she wept for joy; from that moment her recovery was assured. The dog has never left her bedside since, and I enclose you a postal order for the sovereign you paid for the dog, as the collier says he will sell his soul before he will part with Tim again."'

Helping God.

'God is a good worker but he loves to be helped,' says one old proverb; and another, a Jewish proverb, says: 'God could not be everything, and so he made mothers.' That last may not be very acutely true theology. At any rate, he does not choose to do everything without help, and, O, how much of this help is required of you mothers!

I long to give you a certain consolation: You may not be very wise, probably are not; you remember Carlyle's estimate of his country: '30,000,000, mostly fools.' At any rate, you count very few of your acquaintances to be wiseacres, so you may rely on it that very few of them count you a wiseacre; and per

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or some other friend.

Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

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haps you have doubts yourself of your thorough wisdom. If so, in the infinitely difficult matter of bringing up your children you may have many painful misgivings as to your methods.

Now, in my belief, one fact remains unquestionable. Your example is nine-tenths of your influence upon them. That explains why innumerable families of children of good parents turn out amazingly well, although the methods of their bringing up have differed very widely, although some have been allowed liberty to the point of license; too much liberty entirely, and some have been trained with a severity wrong and cruel.

Of course one explanation is that God, who saw the high and holy motives of both kinds of parents, rewarded their motives, not their mistakes. But leaving that out of the question, we can see with our own earthly eyes how example molds, molds, molds, all day long and every day, far more than precept or punishment. Think of the mountains of influence which in a child's home pile up around it, especially from the mother. The ten or fifteen years of constant intercourse are very long even to the mother, but we all know, by looking back, how interminably long they are to the child; and all this time the child is acquiring the language which it hears, English, German, or Chinese, and acquiring the thoughts which it perceives, honest or tricky, kind or bitter, pure or impure, Christlike or the reverse.

What an encouragement when you long for wisdom in management. For we can be good if we will, because God stands daily ready to make us good for the asking.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Live in the Sunshine.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom;
Carry some gladness the world to illume.

Live in the brightness and take this to heart—
The world will be gayer if you'll do your part.

Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open air Christians live nobly and well.

Live where the joys are and, scorning defeat,
Have a good morrow for all whom you meet.

Live as a victor triumphing go
Through this queer world beating down every foe.

Live in the sunshine—God meant it for you!
Live as the robins and sing the day through.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Pauline's Day at Her Mission.

'Is it you, Pauline? When is it your turn to go to the mission? Could you go for me to-morrow, dear? I know I'm a frightful nuisance, but you'll help me out, won't you?' Pauline knew her friend was breathless and perspiring from the way she rattled off her sentences, but Georgia Kenneth was always out of breath for one reason or another.

'What is it this time, Georgia? The measles or the dressmaker or—'

'Worse than anything you can imagine,' groaned the voice at the other end of the wire. 'Mother was called to Aunt Mary's this morning, and Cousin Carrie is coming this evening with her three lively infants. Now, what do you think of that? You surely can't refuse when I'm in such distress.'

Pauline hung up the receiver and sat down with a little frown on her face. Clearly the girls were imposing on her, and how to rid herself of the burden she did not know. Just a few moments before Georgia telephoned, Helen Parsons had called for a few minutes, and had lost no time in getting to the cause of her visit. 'It isn't your day at the mission till next week, Paulie,' she had said, 'but couldn't you relieve me on Friday? It seems something always comes in the way when I want to go down there. I will have the work all ready for the children and the things for the lunch, if you will only help me out. You are so sweet tempered and obliging that you spoil us all.'

And Pauline had weakly promised both girls to relieve them. The Happy Workers' Mission had been established in a very forlorn suburb of the flourishing little city several months before by the girls of Miss Carter's Sunday school class, and for a time everyone was very enthusiastic. The dirty little students were washed, combed, caressed, taught, fed, played with and encouraged by the young ladies until the room in which the sewing school was held would scarcely accommodate the eager youngsters. Old garments were begged from prosperous friends to be made over again by the children or new material fashioned into wonderful aprons and under garments. Visitors were eagerly shown the delightful picture and for a time two and three girls helped with the work on the three afternoons of each week the school was in session.

Just how it happened Pauline never could explain, but gradually one girl and another formed the habit of asking her to take her day until the children had learned to know that Pauline would be their teacher at least twice a week. They loved her for her skill and patience, and at first the girl was greatly flattered by their frank statements as to her qualifications as a teacher.

'I'm going to put a stop to this,' said Pauline with decision. 'They call me sweet tempered or something equally silly, and I've been foolish enough to believe all their flattery. I suppose they think it's a great privilege for me to be in the same class with them since they are all rich and I'm poor.' I'm surprised that I never thought of it before,' and then this dear, sweet-tempered, obliging girl threw herself on the lounge and sobbed as if her heart would break. She was all that the girls of her class called her, but once in a while the brave spirit despaired and life seemed too hard to be endured. Her only home was with an old aunt who daily reminded her of her great obligation to her for shelter and food, so it was surprising that the poor child deserved any of the adjectives bestowed upon her by her mates.

'It's Miss Paulie! It's Miss Paulie!' screamed the children of the mission, running to meet Pauline the next afternoon and relieve her of her bundles. 'Good! Good! Good!'

'I always wash my hands cleaner when I think you'll be here, Miss Paulie,' said a frank little maiden, showing two red paws scrubbed to the last degree and smelling loudly of yellow soap. 'I love you best.'

'So do I,' said another. 'You know the nicest songs and learn us lots more than them other ladies.'

'And you let us stay as long as we want in the afternoon,' chimed in another admirer. 'Miss Paulie, since you're here I'm going to get mamma's apron done. I just know it.'

But Pauline steeled her heart against the engaging little pupils. 'They are just like the girls,' was her bitter thought. 'They like me because I do more for them. Well, I'll keep my word about coming for Helen and Bess and Amy, but after that they can attend to their own days. The next time anyone asks me if it's my day at the mission I'm going to tell them every day is mine lately.'

The little girls scrambled into the little chairs and the work of the afternoon commenced with a brisk song. Before the short prayer rose from the lips of the children Pauline was in a better frame of mind and positively happy when the sewing was given out. Steadily the needles flew and the bright scholars really did good work on the garments that had been basted for them by older hands. Fault-finding critics pointed out that the girls of Miss Carter's class might have made twice as many garments in less time on a sewing machine than all the pupils turned out, but those who visited the mission were charmed with the zeal and skill of the young workers. No mere distribution of ready-to-wear garments could have brought the happiness that the sewing school had implanted in the eager hearts, nor have given them the glimpse of something better and higher than their own poor homes. Already the seed was springing up to bring about a revolution among the relatives of the pupils.

'Miss Paulie, there comes Mrs. Fields,' announced one little girl as a carriage stopped before the door. 'That's the third time she's been here.' Mrs. Fields, in her rustling silk dress, was an awe-inspiring visitor to the children. Every needle flew and every eye was glued to the sewing as she entered, for she had a bad habit, in the minds of the children, of looking sharply at everything and everybody on the premises.

'How do you do, Miss Pauline? Is it your day at the mission? I thought you were here last week when I visited the Happy Workers. Georgia Kenneth told me this was her day so I thought I'd look in a minute.'

'It is her day, but she asked me to come,' explained Pauline, feeling the old irritation creep over her. 'I am to stay for Helen Parsons on Friday, too. I am afraid the mission is getting rather too much of my instruction.'

'No, it isn't. We like you the best of all,' rose in a chorus from the small pupils who forgot their awe in defence of their beloved friend. Something in the tone of Mrs. Fields gave them the impression that she was finding fault with Pauline, and they rushed to her aid loyally.

'Children are keen judges,' said Mrs. Fields, with a smile. 'I am glad they love you, Miss Pauline. It seems to me they are making so much better progress than at the time of my visit a few weeks ago. They are doing splendidly.'

'Miss Paulie let's us stay as long as we want, and the other ladies always send us home at four o'clock,' said a little girl who had recovered her tongue at the kind words. 'We can do whole lots of sewing when she's here.'

'Won't you stay for lunch, Mrs. Fields?' asked Pauline, to stop the flow of praise. 'Patty and Nora are to serve it to-day?'

Very proudly Patty and Nora washed their hands, folded their work and proceeded to pass the sandwiches and rosy apples which had been provided by Pauline. Daintily, as they had seen the young ladies do, the children ate the food and then the sewing was resumed. Mrs. Fields could not help noticing the vast difference between the manners of that day and the behavior during her first visit to the mission, but she said nothing on the subject.

'What a sensible lunch,' said Mrs. Fields, when the children were again at work. 'Georgia told me she intended to serve frosted cake and bon bons to-day, and I thought that a very odd lunch for children. Georgia is a dear girl but very excitable.'

'She must have forgotten all about it,' said Pauline, rather grimly, 'for she never sent the basket to me. I had only time to prepare these simple things because I had to help auntie all morning.'

'You could not have found anything more delicious,' said Mrs. Fields, heartily. 'Will you have to prepare the lunch for Friday or is Helen more reliable than Georgia?'

'She has promised to have everything ready, and usually keeps her word. Sometimes the girls give me money to buy things for the lunch when I come for them, but you cannot buy as nice things as you make at home.'

'I should think you would have the class without refreshments if the burden falls on you so often,' said Mrs. Fields, 'It isn't fair for the girls to impose upon you in that way.'

It was on the tip of Pauline's tongue to say, 'They won't do it much longer,' but her eyes fell upon the Happy Workers as they struggled with hemming, back stitching, felling and other needle problems, and a smile lit up her face. 'I couldn't bear to disappoint the children, Mrs. Fields. They look forward with such pleasure to the only clean food most of them ever taste, and it is a real joy to show them a better way to live. It would break their hearts to close this little school.'

Tears stood in the visitor's eyes, but she did not answer. In the twilight the happy children went home, some of them bearing new aprons or garments as presents to their untidy mothers and others, rejoicing that their work would soon be completed. They hung about Pauline, joyfully planning for the next season and telling how glad they were that Miss Parsons could not come. Mrs. Fields lingered to take Pauline home in her carriage, and the children decided to fall in love with her also since she was kind to their dear friend.

'I don't deserve their love,' said Pauline, as the carriage rolled away. 'I don't know why they had been so kind and affectionate to me always, but I feel guilty every time they run to meet me.'

'Do you enjoy the work?' asked Mrs. Fields.

'Indeed I do,' answered the girl, forgetting all about the discontent and tears of the previous day. 'I don't believe anything could have done for those little girls what the mission has accomplished.'

'There is to be a meeting of Miss Carter's class at our house this evening, Pauline,' said

Helen Parsons, meeting Pauline on the street the next week. 'Miss Carter is sick, but she asked that the meeting be held, anyway. Very important, she said, so be sure to come.'

'Girls,' said Rose Porter, when the class met that evening, 'I'm going to tell you the business of the hour in a very few words. It seems to be the opinion of the class that the Happy Workers' Mission has grown to such proportions that we cannot longer look after it. Miss Carter thinks we will have to give it up, and so do I.'

'I'm sorry,' said Georgia, 'but if the rest think so, why maybe it would be well to—' She broke off abruptly and then went on, 'Honestly, girls, it's almost impossible for me to take my turn at the mission.'

Pauline's lip curled slightly as she remembered how little any of the girls had been doing, but she said, calmly, 'What about the poor children? If we close the school they will be sadly disappointed.'

'Close the school?' cried three voices at once, unable to hold in any longer. 'Who said close the school? We are going to give it into the hands of a paid teacher who can give all her time to the work, or rather Mrs. Fields is, for she is going to pay a salary. Isn't that a good plan?'

'Very,' said Pauline, faintly. 'I had not heard your plans.'

'And you are to be the teacher,' fairly screamed the excited girls. 'We were sure you'd suspect when we kept finding excuses to send you down there in our places. Mrs. Fields wants to take up the work in memory of her little girl who died long ago, and is willing to give you forty dollars a month to have classes all the time down there. Isn't that lovely?'

For answer Pauline laid her head on Georgia's shoulder and wept bitterly. 'Girls, I've been thinking the meanest things about you all,' she sobbed, 'and I don't deserve the place. All the time I've been going down there I thought you were imposing upon me and—'

'Well, we were, but Mrs. Fields suggested it,' interrupted Georgia. 'I have been very much ashamed of myself time and again for giving you my day, but she wanted to see if you had the right amount of patience and long-suffering to undertake the work. Paulie, I congratulate you, for Mrs. Fields is very peculiar about some things, and you have won her heart completely.'

'Is it too late for the meeting?' asked Rose Lane, coming in at that moment. 'Girls, I find it's impossible for me to go to the mission to-morrow, and I must find someone in my place. Where's Pauline? I wonder if she could go? She's so lovely about obliging her friends always that we really impose upon her but—'

'Miss Lane, let me present to you the new teacher of the Happy Workers' Mission,' said Georgia, leading Pauline forward.. 'Every day will be hers at the sewing school from now on, thanks to Mrs. Fields.'

'Oh, it's all over, is it?' asked Rose, with a hearty kiss. 'I had to stay away from the meeting until now, girls, to invent an excuse for not going down there to-morrow, and at the last minute Aunt Betty came to visit. You'll let us help you once in a while, won't you, Pauline?'

'If you'll all forgive me,' said Pauline, with smiles and tears mingled on her face. I want my day at the mission to be a complete success, and I cannot do that alone. You precious deceivers, you can't know what independence will mean to me, especially when it comes along with my cherished work. I can't understand why such a great blessing should come to an ungrateful girl like me.'

'It isn't necessary that you should, my dear child,' said Helen, with a grown up air. 'Dear me! Won't the Happy Workers have a celebration when they hear the news?'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

What I'll Do.

Though I am now in younger days,
  Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place
  Where growing age may call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
  Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
  And show no scorn nor rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
  Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same,
  If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
  Why should I return their railing?
Since I best avenge my wrongs,
  By my patience never failing?

When I hear them telling lies,
  Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I'll strive to make them wise,
  Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
  I'll engage the rich to love me;
While I'm modest, neat and clean,
  And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
  I shall meet, I hope, with pity;
Since I love to help the weak,
  Though neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
  Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
  And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
  O'er my humors and my passion
And to speak and do no ill,
  Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell,
  Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
  Not to be afraid of dying.

—Old Poem.

William and His Perfect Pictures.

(Willard Aldrich, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

James and William, cousins about fourteen years of age, had been out all the day before taking pictures, and had just come from developing their films. James had secured a good number of pictures while William had not taken one. William felt very badly about his poor luck, and as usual in such cases went to his grandmother for consolation.

'Well, William,' said grandmother, 'what is the trouble now?' your face looks as though you had lost all your friends, and yesterday you looked so pleasant and happy as you started out with your fine new camera. Didn't it work to suit you?'

'The camera worked all right. It took whatever it was pointed at.'

'Well, what gives you that disgusted look? If the camera worked all right, you ought to have secured a fine lot of pictures.'

'That is just what makes me disgusted with myself. I ought to have taken a fine lot, but I didn't get one.'

'How did this happen?' said grandmother, shrewdly leading him on to tell the story.

'What makes me the most disgusted is that James got some fine ones, and I had as good a chance as he and a better camera, and I got none. I'll sell the old thing for a song, if I get a chance.'

'I thought you said the camera took whatever it was pointed at, and yet you want to sell the "old thing."'

'Yes, I know it is my fault, grandmother, it must be, but I can't see where the fault is.'

'Tell me all about it, and maybe I can put some spectacles on your eyes that will help you to see a little clearer.'

'The first thing we saw was a fine bluejay. He was so close to us that we could see every feather and every marking of his body. I wanted to get a good view of his crest and the black markings of his neck. When I could see his neck well his crest did not show, so I waited for a good view of both, and he flew away before I could get that, so I didn't get any picture at all. James got two good ones of him.'

'How was it with the partridge? I heard you talking about how you crept up to him.'

'He was a beauty, the finest one I ever saw, and we worked over a half hour to get near to him. Every marking was so perfect on him, and he held his head up so proudly. It was a treat to watch him as he got ready to drum. His tail feathers and neck were richly marked. I waited to get a picture that would show them both. Several times he almost gave me what I wanted, but he never got into a position to give me a perfect picture. James got three nice ones, but none of them are absolutely perfect. I forgot about being quiet and made a little movement with my arm, and before you could think he was off through the woods with a loud b-r-rr-rrr, and my chance to get a picture was gone. It is horridly mean to have such poor luck.'

'Is it all luck,' William? Think it over a little.'

'I know you think it is not all luck, but you have always told me that "whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well," and "to always strive for the very best." I tried to get the very best kind of a picture, and I I didn't get any for the reason that the birds did not give me a chance to get a perfect picture. I think it was all luck.'

'I am glad for once that you misunderstood two proverbs, that are all right in a general sense, but cannot be applied to cases like yours. It gives us a chance to talk over some other truths that you need very much to understand. When you start out to do a thing, keep what you intend to do in your mind, and make it your whole business to do that particular thing. When you are after a picture, get it, and do not let even a perfect picture sidetrack you. The picture that you started out to get yesterday was there; your cousin James got it, but you did not. Something must have caused your failure; it was not just luck. You would be satisfied with as good pictures as James got, would you not?'

'Yes, his are fine.'

'Now, why didn't you get as good ones? I think the reason is in what you said a few minutes ago. You wanted to get the very best kind of a picture, and didn't get any for the reason that the birds did not give you a chance to get a perfect picture. You went where you probably could get only fair pictures, and then were not satisfied with the chance to get a good one, but tried to get absolute perfection, and of course you failed. Had you been satisfied with fair ones you would have gotten as many as James.'

'I don't see why I could not, for I can take a better picture of a house or a tree than he can.'

'Now, here is your lesson. When you are dealing with things over which you have no control, be satisfied with a good result. When you are using materials over which you have control, then "strive for the very best," and remember that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." When you are developing a film or printing a picture, make your work the very best. Be painstaking and careful in every detail and get perfect pictures. But when you are taking pictures of birds, be satisfied with a fair picture. When you are dealing with other people, or with things you cannot control, then be satisfied with fair results.'

'You make it so clear. I begin to see now why I didn't get any pictures yesterday.'

'I hope you will always remember what I have said, William, and apply it to your life work, for I am talking about your own faults to-day. And remember something else. Educate your judgment so that you can tell quickly what is a fair result, then be quick to take advantage of it. Many failures in life are because men have not educated their judgment, do not know exactly what a good result is, and are all the time hesitating. While they are debating whether or not a thing is good, some other man takes advantage of it and their opportunity is gone, just as James got the pictures yesterday. While they are wondering whether any money can be made out of it, some other man has made the money and gone on to something else. Successful men educate themselves so that they can quickly form good judgments, and then are

quick to act on their judgments. If you will learn this lesson, William, you will be a very successful man.'

'Thank you, grandma, I think I see what you mean. James and I are going out again to-morrow, and I believe I shall get as many pictures as he.'

And sure enough William got more pictures than James.

A Wonderful Acrostic.

Explanation: The initial capitals spell, 'My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ' The words quoted, when read from top to bottom and from bottom to top, form the Lord's prayer complete:

Make known Thy gospel truths, 'our' Father king,
Yield us Thy grace, dear 'Father' from above;
Bless us with hearts 'which' feeling can sing,
'Our life thou "art" for "ever," God of love!'
Assuage our grief 'in' love 'for' Christ, we pray,
Since the bright prince of 'heaven' and 'glory' died,
'Took all our sins and 'hollowed the' display.
Infant 'being first a man 'and' then was crucified.
Stupendous God! 'thy' grace and 'power' make known;
In Jesus' 'name' let all 'the' world rejoice.
New labor in 'Thy' heavenly 'kingdom' own,
That blessed 'kingdom' for thy saints the choice.
How vile to 'come' to Thee 'is' all our cry.
Enemies to 'thy' self and all that's 'thine,'
Graceless our 'will,' we live 'for' vanity,
Loathing thy very 'being, 'evil' in design,
O God, thy will be 'done' 'from' earth to heaven;
Reclining 'on' the gospel let 'us' live,
In 'earth' from sin 'delivered' and forgiven.
Oh! 'as' thyself 'but' teach us to forgive.
Unless 'its' power 'temptation' doth destroy,
Sure 'is' our fall 'into' the depths of woe.
Carnal 'in' mind, we've 'not' a glimpse of joy,
Raised against 'heaven' in 'us' hope can flow.
O 'give' us grace and 'lead' us on thy way;
Shine on 'us' with thy love and give 'us' peace.
Self and 'this' sin that rise 'against' us slay,
Oh! grant, each 'day' our 'trespasses' may cease;
Forgive 'our' evil deeds 'that' oft we do.
Convince us 'daily' of 'them' to our shame.
Help us with heavenly 'bread'; 'forgive' us too,
Recurrent lusts, 'and' 'we'll ador thy name.
In thy 'forgive'ness we 'as' saints can die,
Since for 'us' and our 'trespasses' so high,
Thy Son, 'our' Saviour, bled on Calvary.

—'Christian Advocate.'

An Enthusiastic Auditor.

The late Dean Hoffman was once called upon to speak at a gathering in the interests of a cause to which he had given much of both time and money. He took the rostrum reluctantly, and began apologetically as follows:

'I am not much of a speaker, friends.'

'Amen,' came heartily from a good Methodist not far from the speaker.

Dean Hoffman looked disconcerted, but manfully tried to proceed:

'I shall detain you but a moment, friends!'

'Hallelujah!' came from the same Methodist.

The dean proceeded to make a very few remarks with a very red face. He laughed most heartily, however, when it was afterwards explained to him that the exclamations of pious gratitude had come from a deaf brother, who, able to recognize nothing but the pause in the dean's speech, had expressed his approval on faith, rather than on hearing.—'Christian Youth.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britian and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

A Legend of the Robin.

The old Britons had a beautiful legend of the robin which embodies so much of tenderness and religious sentiment that it ought to be preserved as an evidence of the softening influence of Christianity on this warlike people.

When our Saviour went forth, bearing his cross, and with the crown of plaited thorns piercing his brow, a little bird, touched with pity for his sufferings, plucked from the crown one thorn, which carried with it a drop of his precious blood.

'This blood, 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed the tender bosom red.'

Since this time, the legend runs, the bird has borne a charmed life, for the little creature had 'done what she could' for the Master.

'Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest,
Weasel nor wildcat will her young molest;
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.'

This tradition is, perhaps, the foundation for the high favor, amounting almost to reverence, in which the 'redbreast,' as they lovingly call it, is held by the English people to this day.—Mrs. G. W. Miller.

Not so Bad a Slip.

'Mamma,' said little Bessie, at table one noon, 'I'm to write something to read in school next Friday, but I've forgotten what the teacher called it.'

'An essay, perhaps,' suggested Bessie's father.

'An oration,' offered the little maid's high school brother, teasingly.

'A valedictory,' prompted a senior sister.

'No,' said Bessie, suddenly brightening. 'I remember now what it is—it's an imposition.'

—Selected.

A Lesson in Elocution.

'The queer thing about the people who boast of always speaking their minds,' said a merry girl, 'is that they nearly always have such very disagreeable minds to speak. Did you ever hear anyone preface a compliment, a commendation, or anything gracious or pleasant, by saying, 'I always must speak my own mind?'

'When anyone begins that way, I wonder whether it is my conduct, my friends, or my last new gown that is coming up for adverse criticism. Of course, if it is some of your elderly relatives or acquaintances who have the habit, you can only be resigned and respectful as possible; but I had a schoolfellow, a girl no older than myself, who had exactly the same kind of a mind. She had confronted me with it on several occasions, and so one day when she began "You know I must speak" —I interrupted her.

'Must you? Well, then, I've just come from the elocution class, and I'll tell you what the professor said: "Never speak anything until you have studied it, and feel sure that it is worth speaking, that you are the person to do it properly, and that it will suit your audience."

'She looked at me a full minute without a word, but the professor's rule worked so like a charm that I've often wished that all the people with minds they must speak could take lessons in elocution.'—Selected.

How to Know a Lady.

I have read many articles purporting to show how a lady may be known. In one of these articles it was asserted that 'a lady may be known by her boots'; in another, 'that she may be known by her gloves,' 'by her neck-wear,' etc. A writer who claimed to be a close observer said that if you gave him but a glimpse of a woman's handkerchief he would tell you whether or not the owner was worthy to bear the title of lady.

I once heard a gentleman say, 'A lady is judged by her laugh.' Again I have heard, 'You can tell a lady by her voice, by the care of her hands and nails, and by the letter she writes.' So I began to put these things to the test, and I now tell you the result of my observations.

1. The Boot Test. The last seat in the car was taken by a faultlessly attired beauty. She had a pretty foot and wore an elegant shoe, which fitted her perfectly. Then a tired looking mother, carrying a heavy, frolicsome baby, entered the car, and stood holding on to a strap until a very aged and trembling man —evidently a gentleman—insisted that she take his seat, while he held to the strap. My beauty in the patent-leather boots had never thought to offer her seat or to hold the baby for the mother, and I could not help thinking that a lady would be more considerate of the comfort of others.

2. The Handkerchief and Glove Test. In a large dry goods store I saw a clerk cross the house to pick up a dainty cambric handkerchief for a customer. The handkerchief was accepted by a hand in a neat kid glove; but the owner did not thank the clerk, nor cast even a grateful or pleasant glance in acknowledgment of the favor she had received. Surely a lady would not be so thoughtless of the little courtesies of life.

3. The Laugh Test. I heard a merry, ringing laugh which I would have declared came from a pure as well as a happy heart; and I afterwards heard the laugher say to her mother: 'It's none of your business who my letters are from.' Would a lady speak thus to her mother?

4. The Voice Test I heard a reader give, in the sweetest, most musical voice, that old but beautiful poem, 'Somebody's Mother,' and the next day I saw that same reader laugh immoderately at on old woman who fell and scattered her marketing over the pavement. Would a lady be guilty of ridiculing the misfortunes of others?

5. The Hand Test. Over the keys of the piano swiftly and gracefully moved hands that might well serve as models for sculptor or painter, but those hands, on a bitter cold day, rudely closed the door in the face of a woman who was asking alms. Can a lady be devoid of feeling for her unfortunate sisters?

6. The Letter Test. I once read some letters of faultless rhetoric and pleasing style. They modestly encouraged the attention of a fond lover; but I learned that the writing of these letters was but the pastime of a heartless flirt. Would a lady be guilty of any such amusement?

Then I concluded that, while a lady should be scrupulously neat in her dress, should cultivate sweetness of voice, and should be able to write an elegant letter; yet all these qualifications, if combined with selfishness or rudeness, would fail to constitute a lady, for one of the chief characteristics of a lady must be forgetfulness of self and consideration for the wants of others.

A lady is simply the highest type of a woman. She will be gentle and modest, mistress of temper and curiosity. She will know and honor her own place in the social order, as the divinely appointed moulder, teacher, and refiner of men; and out of this beautiful and noble place she will not seek to move. To fit herself for her place, she will cultivate body and mind; the body in health and vigor, that she may take her share of burdens and be cheerful under them, and that her work in the world shall be fairly done as her hands can do it; and the mind in knowledge, accomplishment, and taste, that she may be a delight and help in her home. There is a hidden lady in every woman as there is a gentleman in every man, and, no matter how far the actual may be from the possible, a true lady or a true gentleman is always recognized and acknowledged by this nobility in the human heart.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

'He that hires one garden (which he is able to look after) eats birds; he that hires more will be eaten by the birds.'—Hebrew Proverb.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

LITTLE FOLKS

A World of Trouble.

(By Edna Payson Brett, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World').

A wee gray mouse on a pantry shelf
Sat nibbling her midnight tea;
A banquet meet for a princess to eat,
Yet sighed as she munched, did she
And quoth, 'Ah me! if it weren't for cats,
How pleasant this world would be!'

A tabby cat on a sunny step
Was lapping her morning tea;
She'd milk and mice and she'd ev'rything nice,
Yet sighed as she lapped, did she,
And cried, 'Dear, dear! if it weren't for dogs,
How lovely this world would be!'

A prudent pup in a hiding place
Was gnawing his midday tea;
'With silly kits to be scared into fits,
And sumptuous bones,' mused he,
'Alack, alack! if it weren't for boys,
A heaven this world would be!'

The Adventure of Peter and Polly.

Peter Waddle, just fresh from a combing, with his fluffy tail fluffier than ever and a new pink bow on his new leather collar, sat on the backyard walk.

Peter was six months old, and the most trusting Angora kitten that ever mewed to be cuddled. He loved everything and everybody, even the housemaid, who shooed him out of her way twenty times in a morning. In fact, the reason for his sitting on the walk was because Nora had just closed the door on him.

He held no hard thoughts against Nora. He knew she would save him the best of the chicken bones, and see that he had plenty of gravy on his potatoes. So he sat in the sun and blinked.

Now all was different with Polly Coddle. Polly Coddle could get into the same yard with Peter Waddle, but she did not belong there. She lived in a shabby yard on the other side of a tall fence, where housemaids were unknown. She had a three-colored coat of fur, and wore no leather collar, nor any kind of bow; and the nearest she had ever come to chicken bones was to smell feathers thrown away in some ash barrel. But she was like Peter in this—she was only six months old, and had come to sit in the sunshine.

Peter spied her as she was giving a final touch of cleaning to her bib.

'Something more to love,' he thought, and started along the walk. But to his amazement this 'something more' humped its back, flattened its ears, and spit. This was a reception so unexpected that Peter halted.

Thereupon Polly Coddle let her ears come back to their natural position and curled her tail complacently round her toes.

'I may be poor,' was what she seemed to say, 'but I'm proud, too, and I don't know that kitten.'

Peter sidled round and said, 'Miau!' He meant it in the friendliest spirit, but Polly was not used to friendliness. She got up and, with one eye on Peter, moved nearer her own fence. Peter, mistaking this for an invitation to play, made another dash, but this time was brought up so abruptly by Polly Coddle's bristling manner that he barely saved himself from a backward somersault. He looked at Polly. Polly looked back, unwinking.

Peter considered. When he wanted anything in the house, and they would not give it to him at once, he sat up on his hind legs. He certainly wanted that three colored kitten to play with him. Perhaps she was like the people in the house. Sitting up might move her.

He rose on his hind legs, dropped his front paws as he had been taught, and waited. Polly looked at him out of sleepy eyes, and went on with her washing.

Peter dropped on all fours again. He felt about discouraged. There was one thing more, however. He had known it to happen that he got his way sometimes if he rolled over. He did not like to do this. He felt so silly afterward, but he would try it.

He made ready, squirmed, twisted, squirmed some more for good measure, gave a big flop, and it was done! And whether it was the plumy tail waving aloft, as Peter went over, or whether Polly Coddle thought a kitten who could tumble like that must be nice to play with, is not certain; but no sooner had Peter righted himself than Polly drew near, put a cautious paw on the tip of Peter's tail, allowed him to sniff noses with her, and in another minute the two were rolling one another over as if they had been lifelong friends.

And then into the midst of this frolic came an interruption. Somehow, from somewhere, through the unlatched front gate or over the low front yard fence blundered—a dog. Turning the corner of the

house, he caught sight of the kittens, and, making a dash from the walk, was close upon them before they could untwist themselves.

It was an awful moment, and Peter, who had never had to meet danger before, would have turned to run. But Polly's life had taught her better than that. She knew you must never run from a dog unless you are sure that you can get to a tree or fence before he does; and this time she was not sure, the trees and fences were so far away.

Instead, she faced squarely about, braced her paws, and, swelling herself up beyond anything one would have thought possible, spit with all her might. And Peter, catching her spirit of defiance, swelled himself up and spit, too.

It was a sight to daunt a braver dog than this one, who not only stopped short, but barked with a foolish bark. Upon this Polly, humping her back higher and flattening her ears flatter, advanced sidewise. Peter, showing that he could learn rapidly, followed her example.

The dog stood perfectly still for a moment, regarding the kittens with a look that seemed to ask if they were really in earnest, and, apparently deciding that they were, gave a silly pounce on the grass, and, barking at every step, as if to protest that he was not frightened, lumbered round the house to the street.

Slowly the kittens unswelled themselves, and slowly, but together, followed to the corner of the house. Here they looked carefully round. Nothing was to be seen. All was safe and quiet.

Peter drew near Polly and bumped his head against her Polly bumped back.

'P-r-r-t!' said Peter.

'P-r-r-t!' answered Polly, which meant that they knew the danger was over and they were very good friends indeed.—H. G. Duryee, in 'N. C. Advocate.'

Tongues and Ears.

'No country in the world does more to entertain its children than Japan,' says Miss White, a successful young missionary who has been doing admirable work there. 'Even on the street corners stand men whose sole business it is to tell stories to little boys and girls.

'One day I joined a group of little folks who were eagerly listening, and this is what I heard:

'"Once upon a time a peasant went to heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange-looking upon it.'

'"What is that?" he asked. "Is that something to make soup of?" (The Japanese are very fond of soup.)

'"No," was the reply; "those are ears. They belonged to persons who, when they lived on earth, heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they didn't pay any attention to it, so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

'"After awhile the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it.

'"What is that?" he asked again. "Is that something to make soup of?"

'"No," he was told; "these are tongues. They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do; so, when they died, their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

'Wasn't there a good lesson in this story? As I listened I thought that the missionaries were not sowing all the good seed.'—Selected.

The Wiseness of Lady Belle.

'I guess horses don't know much,' Ellie said thoughtfully.

She was on the front seat with Uncle Colin, Aunt Faith and little Hop o' Thumb were on the back seat.

Suddenly Uncle Colin pulled on the reins and said, 'Whoa, Lady.' and there they were stopping right in the middle of Nowhere!—not a house anywhere near, not even a store or a schoolhouse.

'Why, what you stopping here for, Uncle Colin?' cried astonished Ellie, and Hop o' Thumb echoed, ''Toppin' here for?' from the back seat. Even Aunt Faith looked surprised

'For you to get out,' answered Uncle Colin calmly. 'We can't take her any further, can we, Lady Belle? Not a young person that says horses don't know mu——'

'O!' laughed Ellie, as if she understood. But she hopped out and ran up to the big gray nose and reached up on tiptoes to rub it.

'I'm sorry I said it, honest I am, Lady,' she said. 'You know something. Now, will you let me ride the rest o' the way to town? She's bowing her head, Uncle Colin! She says I may!' And Ellie came running gayly back and climbed up on the front seat again.

A little way ahead there was quite a steep hill—a 'steepish' one, Ellie said. Lady Belle crept down it very cautiously, picking her steps with the greatest care. She would not trot even near the bottom.

'Mercy! what a slow coach—O, I forgot! Excuse me, Lady Belle. But, honest, I could run down such a little hill as this is, even if 'tis icy—an' I've only two legs 'stead of four! Besides, Lady Belle's got 'creepers' on her boots, hasn't she, Uncle Colin?'

'Yes, but they need sharpening, We'll go to Shoemaker Ben's, Lady Belle. Then we'll see!'

'Ho!' laughed Ellie, 'Lady Belle won't know they're sharp! That's what I meant by saying horses don't know—O!' Ellie clapped both little red-mittened hands over her mouth and laughed again.

'Whoa, Lady!' began Uncle Colin solemnly. Then he relented. 'No, you needn't this time. We'll go on and show this young person in another way that it isn't horses that don't know much.'

In front of the blacksmith's shop there was a very slippery place indeed, and it seemed to Ellie that Lady Belle hardly moved at all, she crept so slowly over it. But, when all four shoes had been 'sharpened' and they were starting away, how she did fly over that long slippery stretch of road! Now she didn't creep—mercy no!—but held her head high in the air and pranced along as merrily as you please, not in the least afraid of slipping! Just as if she knew her shoes had been 'sharpened!'

'Why, I b'lieve she does!' thought Ellie aloud. 'I b'lieve she knows it as well as—I do!'

And just that minute it almost seemed as if Lady Belle turned her pretty gray head and winked one eye at Uncle Colin!—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Zion's Herald.'

Correspondence

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I do not go to school very regularly now, as I was sick. We have a very nice teacher. His name is Mr. L. I am in the Fourth Book. I was down at my grandpa's last week, he was celebrating his 80th birthday. I am a regular book worm. I have read about 35 books. Some of them are: 'Won from the Sea,' 'Martin Rattler,' and 'Bert's Holiday.' I wonder if anybody else's birthday is on the same day as mine, January 15th.

CHARLES W. MALTBY (12).

B., Pa.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for six years, and am on the seventh year, and would not be without it. I go to school to Herrick Centre, four miles distant. I went last winter also. I go down on the train, and walk back if the weather is favorable, if not I come back on the train, seven o'clock at night. The train goes down at 8.15 in the morning. I live a mile and a quarter from the railroad. I am in the ninth grade. School will be out in April. I have two sisters and one brother. I am fourteen years old, and was born in April. My great grandfather was one hundred years old when he died. My mother went to his anniversary. There were over three hundred people there. He shook hands with more people than he ever had before. He was Justice of the Peace for thirty years. I have two grandmothers and one grandfather. For pets we have two cats, two rabbits and one bird. I have great fun in winter coasting and skating. There is a library in the school-house. I am very fond of reading. I have read eighteen books during the two terms of school.

FLOYD R. AVERY.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I would say in answer to Z. L. Post's question, 'How many words are there in the Bible?' that there are seven hundred and seventy-three thousand, six hundred and ninety-two words. I also send a question, how often does the word 'And' appear in the Bible?

MARGARET E. BREED.

D., Vt., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—This makes the third year my grandma has sent me the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present. I like it very much. I have read quite a number of books, some of which are: 'Stories of Colonial Children,' 'Child's Life of Christ,' 'Rollo's Voyage to Europe,' 'At the mercy of the State,' and a lot more. I think the answer to Wesley Bigger's riddle is three pigs. The answers to M. J. B.'s are: 1. An icicle. 2. eight apples. I will send one. I saw something to-day, 'twas not on earth, not on sea, and surely not in a tree.

GLEASON H. McCULLOUGH (10).

N. L., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and now I get it in Sunday School. I like it very much. We have quite a large school. There are sixty-five scholars. We had a Christmas tree for it. I was in a dialogue and recited 'God's Best Gift to Man' besides. I took my recitation from the Correspondence page. I have put all my 'Messengers' into a book. I am twelve years of age. My birthday is August ninth. I think the answer to the problem in Bible arithmetic is 188 scholars. I am not sending the work, as it would take too much room. I think the middle chapters of the Old Testament are Job. 28 and 29. Reverend is found in only one place in the Bible, Ps. cxi., 9. I go to school every day, and am in the sixth book. My favorite studies are geography and drawing.

GEORGIA McINNIS.

R., Sask.

Dear Editor,—When I was crossing London Bridge, I met my Uncle Sandy, I chopped his head and drank his blood, and left his body standing?

Riddly, riddly, Andy oh, my father had some seeds to sow, the seeds were black, and the ground was white?

There is something white, and when you throw it up it is white, and when it comes down it is yellow?

MINNIE URSAKI.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and I like reading the Correspondence page very much. I am eleven years old, and in the fourth book at school. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before. There is a railway track running through our farm, and they have just finished building the large bridge near our place. I am taking music lessons now. I am very fond of reading. I have read about twenty large books lately. We have a lot of guinea-pigs, which we sell at 50c. a pair. They are very good to keep rats away. I wonder if any of the boys have ever tied a string from the ceiling down as far as their heads ,then tied an apple on the end of it, and tried to eat it without touching it with their hands?

GARNET WICKSON.

M. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Messenger' is an interesting paper. How many agree with me? The continued story 'The Christmas Stocking' was a very nice story. The boys and girls are sending some very good riddles and puzzles. The answer to Rosa J. Rose's question is 'Schoolmaster' is found in the 3rd chapter of Galatians, in the 24th and 25th verses.

Edyth Brooks asked how many times 'Reverned' occurred in the Bible? It is found in the 111th (one hundred and eleventh) Psalm, and in the ninth verse. Which is: He sent redemption unto his people; he hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend in his name.

I am sending a few conundrums:

1. Who is that always sits before the Queen with his hat on?

2. What is it that is always going and yet standing still?

3. There is a girl in our town,
Silk and satin is her gown,
Silk and satin, gold and velvet,
Guess her name three times I've said it?

I have read quite a few books, and some of them are: 'The Hossier School Boy,' 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' 'Nothing but Leaves,' 'Frank the Fisherboy,' 'Gipsy at the Golden Crescent,' and many others. I have just finished reading the book called 'Danesbury House.' It is a good book. How many have read it? I think I will close wishing every success to all who read this letter.

The Editor mentioned before that the answers of conundrums must be sent in also, so I will send mine below.

L. MERRICK.

Your answer received, but of course we do not publish them before time has been given to guess them.—Cor. Ed.)

Q., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I want to answer a question I saw in Sunday's 'Messenger.' A little boy got ten cents' worth of nails, what did he get them for? Ans. To pound.

ROSS MACK (6).

T., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am learning to skate now. I go to school every day, and like it very much. The answer to E. Ross's puzzle is an umbrella. I am sending you some puzzles. Take one from nineteen and leave twenty. What is put on the table, cut, and never eaten?

M. E. S.

M., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I will tell you some of the books I have read, which are: 'The King's Servant,' 'Pet's Project,' 'Sister Estella,' 'Robinhood,' and a few others. I will close with a puzzle. Four brothers run side by side all day but never touch one another.

JEANNIE DUNCAN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Sailing boat.' Willie B. (9), B., Ont.
2. 'Lion.' Dora Comfort (10), F.W., N.Y.
3. 'Little boy blue.' Addie Ellis, C.B., N.S.
4. 'The canoeist.' Rachel Ross (9), T.
5. 'The finish.' Robert Cyril Hamilton, B.G.
6. 'Where I skate.' Donald Matthewson (10), P., Ont.
7. 'Boy and ball.' Ella Hackett (11), T., Ont.
8. 'Rich man, poor man, etc.' Ruth L. Beardsley (12), B., N.S.
9. 'Fox.' Ruby McLeod (10), M., Ont.

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LESSON V.—APRIL 29, 1906.

The Parable of the Sower.

Mark iv., 1-20.

Golden Text.

The seed is the Word of God.—Luke viii., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 23.—Mark iv., 1-20.
Tuesday, April 24.—Matt. xiii., 1-9.
Wednesday, April 25.—Matt. xiii., 10-27.
Thursday, April 26.—Matt. xiii., 18-23.
Friday, April 27.—John xv., 1-8.
Saturday, April 28.—Eccle. xi., 1-10.
Sunday, April 29.—Luke viii., 1-15.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The Parable of the Sower, connected as it is with an ever-recurring process of nature, can never become effete. And, as that process is one in which the very sustenance of human life depends, an unwonted dignity attaches to the parable. And, as Jesus' own interpretation is attached, it is impossible to go astray in the search for its meaning. . . . In imagination I hold in my hand a grain of wheat, just like that which the sower went forth to sow. What is that seed? Perhaps you say: 'It is brown.' But I did not ask the color. 'Oblong?' No, I did not ask the shape. These are but 'accidents' of the seed. At the centre of that grain there is an essence—an indescribable, invisible something. The Latins called it 'substantia,' the inner principle of the seed. It is this which gives the accidents of color, size and shape. Extract that principle, and there is nothing left. . . . The gospel is a seed. It may be written or spoken. It may be Scripture, hymn, sermon, prayer, tract, Sunday school teaching, exhortation. The accidents of form are multiple. But at the heart of it there must be a divine principle of life. They must be Jesus' words of spirit and life. . . . The gospel seed requires a sower. There are some seeds which nature has provided with the means of sowing themselves. These are, however, the exceptions which prove the rule. They are usually, too, the seeds of worthless weeds. About in the ratio of their value is skill and care required in the planting of good seed. As multiplex as the forms of the seed, so are the sowers. Whoever presents gospel truth in such manner that its power accompanies it is a sower of the seed. The seed implies a soil. And the soils are as multiplex as the sowers and the seeds. . . . Across the Oriental fields footpaths may still be seen. Though allowed, they partake of the nature of trespass. Farmers—not accidently, but purposely—sow upon them for a witness that the claim to them is not abandoned. The unawakened human heart is a path trodden hard by sin and evil habits. Yet it belongs to God. He still claims it. His truth is sown upon it for a testimony. But in such instances the soul of the gospel does not touch the soul of the man. There is an outward hearing, indeed, but no inward comprehending. And the seed is quickly taken away by the wicked one, who sends irrelevant thoughts, pleasures, business, etc., as a flock of birds to devour the seed. . . . Some seed falls upon a film of soil which covers a ledge of rock. The rock heating during the heat acts like a forcing-house, and causes the seed to germinate all the more quickly. But there is no chance to draw moisture from the depths of the soil. For a permanent and healthful growth, the seed or the gospel must grow as deep as it grows high. There must be as much interior life as there is exterior expression, as much belief with the heart as confession with the tongue. But the unbroken rocky covering of the heart renders an interior growth impossible. The life of the seed is beautiful, but brief. The same sun that caused it to germinate, withers it. . . . There is still another soil which, though untrodden and free from rock, yet has secreted in it roots of poisonous thorn bushes. The thorns and the wheat grow together, but the thorns faster and more luxuriantly. They rob the wheat of the nourishment of the soil which belongs to it, its portion of sunshine, dew and rain; they poison it with noxious breath, they wound it with their sharp briers, they choke it. Two conditions of human life seem here referred to. The poor, in whom often the extreme anxiety about temporal affairs and absorbing attention to the making of a living chokes the spiritual life; and the rich, who in their abundance are prone to forget God, and indulge themselves to such an extent as to stifle all spirituality. . . . The good ground may now be defined by contrast. It is not the wayside. It is not stony. It is not thorny. It is a soil that has been ploughed and harrowed; stirred to its depths. A soil that has caught the sunlight and rain, and holds them. A soil that will receive the seed and hide it and warm it in its bosom. Such a soil will produce a hundred-fold. Moral earnestness—an honest and good heart—is a good soil.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

With consummate strategy, Jesus went to 'the masses.' The feast-times found Him in Jerusalem, where the widely-scattered Jews were wont to gather. The intervals between the feasts found Him on the shores of Galilee, the centre of population. The manner of His life attracted. He was no mendicant. His humble retinue had a common purse, meagre no doubt, but sufficient, with what the women ministered who followed in His train. Yet there was no ostentation, though the wife of Herod's chief steward was with Him. By deeds of kindly helpfulness He identified Himself with the people He had come to seek and to save. We have a clue to the size of Jesus' audiences in the fact that on one occasion there were five thousand men, not including women and children. . . . It was at this epoch that Jesus' preaching suffered a change of style so marked as to excite the wonder of His disciples, and put a question on their lips. An emergency made the change necessary. In the heterogeneous mass before him there were some from whom it was necessary to hide for a time the essential nature of His kingdom. Had he proclaimed Himself explicitly as only King of Hearts, he would have precipitated His fate before He could have sown His seed and trained His apostolic college. The parable was His shield. At the same time it confused the worldly-minded and hostile, it stimulated the docile to an inquiry which was always rewarded. Like God's lantern in the sky which led Israel's wilderness march, the parable was light to Jesus' friends, dark to His foes. . . . Jesus' incomparable legacy to His church is His thirty-three parables. If all the rest of the Bible were lost, there is enough in these word-pictures to show what the kingdom of heaven is, and how to get into it. . . . A little mind seeks to magnify itself by the use of the recondite and obscure. It is the mark of a great teacher that he can make the commonest objects and processes of nature or art the vehicle of instruction. Such was Jesus' method.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 29.—Topic—Home missions among foreigners in America. Eph. ii., 13-19.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MISSIONS IN EGYPT.

Monday, April 23.—Egypt in Abraham's day. Gen. xii., 14-20.

Tuesday, April 24.—Egypt in Joseph's day. Gen. lxi., 38-45.

Wednesday, April 25.—Egypt in Moses's day. Ex. i., 7-14.

Thursday, April 26.—Ezekiel's message to Egypt. Ezek. xxix., 3-7.

Friday, April 27.—Isaiah"s message to Egypt. Isa. xix., 19-22.

Saturday, April 28.—A promise to Egypt. Isa. xix., 19-22.

Sunday, April 29.—Topic—A visit to Egypt. Ps. lxviii., 31, 32.

Thrown Out.

(Geo. Power, in the 'Alliance News.')

'Now come, get out, be off, I say,
I'll have you out somehow';
And then mine host, who'd made the boast,
Nor made it vain, I trow,
Pitch'd out his drunken customer,
Who fell and cut his brow.

Near to the tavern stands a cot,
Wherein an anxious spouse
And children yearn the quick return
From well-known public-house
Of husband, father, with the wage
Ill spent on his carouse.

Shall one go forth to find him?
'I'll go,' cried Sissie Nell;
So Nellie bold, but ten years old,
Seeks now the 'Old Blue Bell';
A mission she had often had
More times than she could tell.

On speeds the little maiden,
Tongue framing words to say
Unto the one her hopes rest on
For butties day by day;
And as she nears the tavern door
A crowd impedes her way.

But not for long, for quickly Nell
Beside her father kneels,
And lifts his head all bruised and red
With gore that from it steals,
To lavish on it all the care
Her tender heart it feels.

Some willing hands assist her
To staunch the gaping wound,
To raise the slave and selfish knave
Upright from off the ground,
His feet regained, with Nell as guide,
The drunkard's homeward bound.

For this Nell gained a promise,
When father's head was clear,
That for her sake he'd never take
Another glass of beer;
The promise given long was kept
And proved a blessing dear.

No more the father wasted time
Supporting the 'Blue Bell,'
Nor did his wage mine host engage
In work that dooms to hell
The simple slaves that take not heed
Of truth, they know and well.

The Economy of Drink — In a Nutshell.

Suppose four farmers came into town, each with $30 in his pocket. One goes to a dry goods store, one to a hardware store, one to a boot and shoe store, and the other to a saloon, and each spends his money in the place he visits.

After two weeks I come to you and say: 'Let us go and see those producers; see what they have received for the money they gave those non-producers.' We drive to the home of the man who spent his money at the dry goods store. 'What did you get?' Do you see that dress which Nellie is wearing and the coat that Tom has on? Well, I gave the merchant $30, and he gave me in exchange these things. He is better off; we are better off.' Exchange of value; both are benefited.

We go to the man who traded at the hardware store, and we say: 'What did you receive?' 'Do you see the stove, and the axe, and those kettles?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I gave him $30, he gave me these. We are better off; he is better off.'

We go to the man who spent his money at the boot and shoe store. 'What did you receive for the money you paid?' 'You see these boots which I am wearing and the shoes Nellie has on, and the boots that Will, Dick and Harry and the rest are wearing? I gave that

merchant $30 for them. We needed the boots and shoes, he needed the money, and we traded.' An exchange of value; both are benefited.

Now we go to the man who spent the $30 in the saloon and say to him: 'Sir, you paid that non-producer $30. What did you get back?' 'Come here and I will show you.' Will he say that? No; he will hang his head and say: 'I got this flaming nose, these bleared eyes, and have been sick ever since.'

'My farmer friend, would you not have been better off if you had put the $30 in the fire and burned it, and never had gone to the drinking-place at all? Yes; because you would have gone to work t once and produced more wealth to take the place of that destroyed. The liquor dealer took your money and unfitted your brain and muscles for the production of more wealth.'

The Voice of Science.

Recent investigation has shown clearly enough that alcohol is easily and abundantly oxidizable in the human body, but the mere proof that a substance is consumed in this way does not entitle it to rank as a food, and still less can this supposition be entertained if in addition it at the same time causes decomposition and destruction of living protoplasm. That alcohol does this is not doubted in view of the present knowledge of metabolic processes, and this granted, it is evident that a substance capable of destroying body tissue can not also at the same time serve to build up and replace damaged parts. Therefore the position that alcohol may play the double role of food and poison is untenable, and the sooner it is dropped from the list of drugs for internal administration, the better it will be for physician and patient. 'Medical Record.'

Boys of Drinking Parents.

A son of a drinking man or woman has less chance of health and active mental faculties than of total abstinence parents. Statistics show alarming facts in this particular. Parents, give the boys a chance by being total abstainers yourselves and setting them an example in practice and a start without the hededitary peril. An eminent doctor in New York city found that over seventy percent of the children of drinking parents in a large number examined, were afflicted with organic or nervous diseases.—'National Advocate.'

Alcohol is Bad in Everything.

It does not build up the body.

It reduces muscular force.

It lessens and lowers the warmth of the body, although at first it seems to raise the temperature.

It acts as a spur on the nervous system, but in the end it weakens and destroys nervous force.

If our drinking habits were rooted out, immense sums of money now spent in preserving order and restoring health would be saved and be made reproductive.

As a race, if we left off using strong drink, our physical, mental, and moral powers would be improved.

People who do great feats of strength, skill, or endurance, do not use strong drinks. Great cricketers, brilliant oarsmen, smart runners, great fighters, and the hardest workers in all fields do not use intoxicants, but purposely abstain from them.

The clearest heads, the strongest nerves, the stoutest hearts, are all to be had without the use of alcohol.—Selected.

France's Worst Foes.

Dr. Lowenthal, who is a member of the commission which investigated the cause of the decrease of population in France, writes in a Paris journal that the real evil is not so much the diminution in the birth rate as the terrible increase of the death rate. He says that 'Alcoholism alone is killing France,' while tuberculosis, which of all diseases is most easily avoided, is raging in France with more violence than any other country in the world.'—Leicester 'Daily Post.'

Drink and Woman.

In a hospital ward a woman lay
Painfully gasping her life away;
So bruised and beaten you scarce could trace
Womanhood's semblance in form or face.
Yet the hair that over the pillow rolled
In a tangled mass was like threads of gold;
And never a sculptor in any land
Molded a daintier foot or hand.

Said they who ministered to her need:
'None but a coward could do this deed;
And what bitter hate could have nerved the arm
That a helpless creature like this could harm?'
Then the dim eyes, hazy with death's eclipse,
Slowly unclose, and the swollen lips

Murmured faintly: 'He loves me well—
My husband—'twas drink—be sure and tell
When he comes to himself—that I forgive;
Poor fellow—for him I would like to live.'
A shudder, a moan, as the words were said,
And a drunkard's wife on the couch lay dead.

O fathers, who your daughters rear,
Somebody's daughter is lying here!
O brothers of sisters, come and see
What the fate of your precious one may be!
O man! however you love your home,
Be it palace, or cottage, 'neath heaven's blue dome,
This demon of drink can enter in;
For law strikes hands and bargains with sin.

You have legalized crime, you have the gold,
Now hand them over the sons you sold—
Keep pushing them forward. Drink, boys, drink!
Your father's are paid for your souls, they think;
And in the great mart where mammon strives,
Cheapest of all things are human lives.

—Chicago 'Inter-Ocean.'

Action of Alcohol on the Liver.—In the 'Centralblatt fur innere Medecin,' Oct. 20, 1900, Dr. George Rosenfels gives an account of his experiments to determine the effects of alcohol on the liver. Depriving dogs of all other food, he gave them from 3½ to 4 c.c of absolute alcohol largely diluted with water, from two to four times a day, it being equal to 3 to 4 c.c. per kilo, the weight of the animals. They were killed before spontaneous death would occur from the poisonous effects of the alcohol, and on examination the liver was found to contain an increased amount of fat, in many cases more than double the natural quantity, and the glycogen was much diminished. This appears to constitute a positive demonstration that alcohol taken in doses no larger than used by a majority of beer drinkers is capable of producing a fatty liver with diminished glycogenic function.

Among the Sick.

'Every nurse knows that most wards in her hospital would have a very empty look if all the victims of alcohol in some form or other were weeded out. And in the houses of the well-to-do, in spite of "three-bottle men" having departed with the change in national habits, the private nurse sees that many of her patients are suffering, directly or indirectly, from alcoholism.'—'The Hospital.'

A Happy Rebuke.

Archdeacon Eyre has been telling a Sheffield audience that he once sat opposite a drunken man in a tramcar. He put himself on familiar terms with the Archdeacon, thrusting a bunch of flowers in front of him, and seeking to draw an appreciative comment on their beauty. The reply of the Archdeacon, with the eyes of all others in the car upon him, was apposite and effective. 'Sir,' he said, 'do you know why those flowers are so sweet and nice? It is because they drink nothing but water.' The owner of the flowers was sufficiently sober to see the point.—'Alliance News.'

In answer to a query, Berry, formerly the English executioner, states that not one of the 500 persons whom he hanged was a total abstainer.

HOUSEHOLD,

The Home-made Rug.

There's a beautiful rug in a little room of a certain house I know,
Where I sometimes call of an afternoon, on a friend of long ago.
It is not a costly Persian rug, by merchants bought and sold,
Or an Indian pattern of colors rare, inlaid with threads of gold.

It was not made for a monarch's throne, or harem of Turkish Bey;
It was not woven in any loom by the genii of to-day.
Its beauty is not in its patterned grace, or figures of studied art,
But all through its lustrous texture glows the love of a human heart.

A mother, borne down by low estate, shut out from superfluous things,
Sits down with a basket of rags at her side, and patiently sews and sings.
She sings as she thinks of her finished work, how beautiful it will be
To cover some spot on the faded floor where once was tapestry.

Her husband will smile his old-time smile, her children will dance with pride
On the new-made rug, though the floor be bare, and no other rug beside,
And her own eyes will feast on it for many -and many a day,
And the love she wrought in that home-made rug will linger there alway.

—'Christian Herald.'

A Letter to the Middlings.

(By Helen F. Boyden, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

For those who tread the busy walks of life, unencumbered by physical ills, I have no word, and only the memory of an experience. To those who pass the weary months, seasons and years, prisoners to their couch, I am not fully competent to speak. In my fifteen years of crippled life I have been a 'middling,' like the old colored auntie, 'Sometimes up, and sometimes down.'

My first head is, Don't be proud. You remember, in the 'Window in Thrums,' that crippled Mysie overlooked the neighborhood from her window, and when the neighbors came in to gossip with her each one was given a mental position to correspond with the number of deaths or amount of sickness her family had had. Those most favored with afflictions tried hard to be humble. So when we meet those 'less favored' let us also study humility.

Second. Take a look around. Study the face of a harassed business man; listen to the querulous tone of the housewife; note the pucker on the school girl's brow; hear the break in the laughter of the happy child. Does strength and vigor and power to do and be seem to make the many happier than you? Besides, their pin pricks and headaches are just as hard for them to bear as your hours of agony. In the adjustment of life they were given their burdens and cares and pain, as well as you. A friend teaches his little boy to bear life's hardness in a unique manner. When a finger is cut, or the head is bumped, he says: 'That's a joke!' and burst out laughing; and the little boy surprised, laughs, too. This may seem a cold philosophy for all pain, but let's laugh.

Third. Protect your individuality. It may seem a sore point to invalids who have to do and be so much under the will of others to learn that their own wills are apt to become so weak as to need a prop. 'What can't be cured, must be endured.' But if we cannot walk, or eat, or sleep as we choose we can at least do our own thinking. Let us know our own mind. As an old lady says, 'The mind's the man.' Within our kingdom let us reign, 'not tossed about by every wind of doctrine.' Don't let a Christian Science friend today turn your mind inside out, nor a patent medicine dealer to-morrow empty your pocket-book; search till you find your own convictions, and then abide by them.

Fourth. Grow. Because your physical life

is bounded, do not let your mental and spiritual life become narrow. Your neighbor, who has travelled in many lands and stood before kings, need live in no larger sphere than you. Think fine and noble thoughts; hold healthful views; keep from trivial selfishness. As far as lieth in you, study the bright side of life, and tell it to your neighbor.

Fifth. Never despair. The idle hours that pass will not seem long if spent in pleasant reading or thinking. Keep hopeful in the present; forecast no gloomy future.

'Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary.'

The dark night passed will never come again; life's winter brings its promise of spring. Yesterday always has something pleasant to remember, to-morrow something bright to hope for.

Now I have not given you one word of religion, yet this is a spiritual talk, for what but the spirit could discern the things of the spirit? And if you listen to the still small voice and follow your honest convictions those things which are hidden from the wise and prudent shall be revealed unto you as unto dear children of His kingdom. If I have given you a thought for the night season, or a smile for the reading, my letter has fulfilled its mission..

A Parable.

Far up the quiet country side,
Near lonely farm and ancient kirk,
Where neighbors stroll at eventide
With homely talk of love and work,
A silver stream flows soft and fair,
And any hand might turn it there.

But from the heights of pathless hills
A thousand waters join its own,
Until its voice the echo fills,
And shakes the bridges o'er it thrown,
And startles awe-struck hearts of men;
And woe to aught would stay it then!

Now still once more, but mighty grown,
To God's great sea it finds its way,
Which laps the shores of lands unknown,
Where one dark night is brightest day.
O quiet stream beside the kirk,
Who could foresee your way or work!

—Isabella Fyvie Mayo.

Selfish Sacrifice.

'She is one of those selfishly generous persons who make other people a good deal of trouble,' said a lady in describing the circumstances which surround an acquaintance.

'Selfishly generous?' The words were repeated inquiringly after a moment's silence. 'That's rather paradoxical, isn't it?'

'She is a living paradox; such people always are,' insisted the first speaker. 'Her husband's brother, an inmate of the home for years, will never be any better, but may linger for months to come, and Mrs. F—— and her husband are devoting themselves to him. It is not a case that calls for a trained nurse, and I can not bear to leave him to a stranger while I am able to do for him,' she says tenderly. So she keeps up her household affairs as well as she can—being one of those particular housewives whom hired help seldom can please—and is wearing herself out generally, to the great anxiety of her friends. The lack of assistance is not due to lack of money, but simply to her feeling that the services of affection are worth more than any other, and that she is quite willing to spend herself in that way. Meanwhile a daughter residing in a distant part of the town, is making daily visits to the old home, and doing all in her power in kitchen and sick-room at the cost of much discomfort and inconvenience to her own family life. Her daughter's is the only sort of help she will tolerate, and which she would be hurt not to receive.

'And Mrs. F—— has not a thought that her self-sacrifice is selfish, and she is really giving a great deal which does not belong to her.' —'Forward.'

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Household Hints.

To remove the smell of paint from a room, leave in it over night a pail full of water, into which three or four onions have been sliced. Shut the door, and in the morning you will find the smell of paint has gone, it having been absorbed by the onions and water.

To clean windows and looking glasses: To a quart of lukewarm water add a dessert spoonful of kerosene oil, dip a leather into the mixture and rub the glass; it will be clean in half the time it will take to clean with water only. Polish with a dry leather.

Selected Recipes.

Date Bread.

Make a sponge with a pint of slightly warmed milk, two cupfuls of white flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a yeast cake dissolved. Set in a warm place to rise; then add two teaspoonfuls of sugar and two of molasses, three cups of sliced dates and enough flour to make a medium stiff dough. Turn into well-greased pan, and bake after it has nearly doubled in bulk. Allow three-quarters of an hour for baking. The bread should be allowed to stand at least ten hours before eaten.—Selected.

Plain Fritters.

Put one tablespoonful of butter with half a cup of water over the fire. When boiling, add one-half cup of flour. Beat rapidly till smooth, and the dough forms into a round loaf. Take from the fire, and when a little cool, beat in one whole egg, then add a second egg, and beat till smooth. Drop this dough by small tablespoons into smoking hot fat, and cook slowly. They will keep turning and bursting till done. Serve with any sauce desired.

Sausages are more digestible and free from grease if they are placed in a wire basket and cooked for five minutes in boiling water. Lift the basket and drain, pierce the sausage gently in several places, roll in flour and brown in a covered spider or bake in the oven in a covered pan. Pour off the superfluous grease as it collects, and when the sausages are nicely browned lift on a platter, pour off nearly all the grease in a bowl and prepare a thickened milk gravy in the pan.

BUTTERED TOAST.—Beat to a froth one cup of butter and three tablespoonfuls of flour; pour over this one pint and a half of boiling water for ten minutes. Cut bread in slices half an inch thick, toast brown and dip into this. Serve hot.

BREAD CRUMB BALLS—Are a good way to utilize bread crumbs. Soak bread crumbs in cold water until perfectly soft; mash with a spoon until smooth, add salt and three eggs; beat all thoroughly together. They must be stiff enough to drop from a spoon and form little cakes; fry in hot lard and butter together.

There are numerous puddings that are both dainty and palatable that will use up the bread crumbs.

LAMB OR VEAL BADGERS.—Chop lamb or veal very fine, and mix with it chopped parsley, a little onion, pepper and salt. Make a batter with one egg, half a cup of milk, salt, and flour enough to make a very thick batter. Into a pan of boiling lard, drop an iron spoonful of the batter, and in the centre of that place a smaller spoonful of the minced meat. When the latter begins to brown or curl at the edges, turn the edges up over the meat, and roll the badger over, long shape. When brown all over, take out and keep warm.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.—Two cups celery, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 cup cream, 1 sprig parsley, a few drops onion extract, a few drops celery extract, tablespoonful almonds, chopped very fine, salt and pepper to taste. Scald the milk with the parsley, rub the butter and flour together until smooth and add to the scalded milk. Cook until it thickens. Press the celery through a coarse sieve. Add celery, cream and seasoning to the milk. Add chopped almonds, and when ready to serve beat with egg beater until smooth. The tips of the celery may be used as a garnish.

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What is Ours.

'But she is crowding you out, she is taking the place that really belongs to you,' said a warm-hearted, but not very wise friend, condoling with another over what she considered a wrong. But the brave heart repudiated that view of the case.

'No, if it were really mine I should have it. No one can take from me what really belongs to me.'

How much of heart-burning and bitterness we might escape if we would but realize that truth! Is it not a truth? We resent the advancement of another to the position that we think should be ours, we are sore-hearted with a sense of personal wrong when another wins the success we have coveted, yet we can not miss our appointed place, our own guerdon, except by our own refusal of it. 'While I am coming, another steppeth down before me,' said the disappointed man at the pool, lifting to the Master eyes weary with pain and waiting. But no place in the healing waters could have been to him like the touch that sent him on his way rejoicing. The rich peculiar blessing, all his own, found him where he was.—'Forward.'

DON'T FORGET OUR FLAG OFFER

If your school wants a flag write for particulars. This offer is open until Dominion Day.

Get to work now. Flag cards and samples for the asking. Address, FLAG DEPARTMENT, Witness Office, Montreal.

This cut gives no idea of the color and beauty of the original, it only shows the size of the Brooch Pin.

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FOR EVER AND EVERYONE

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